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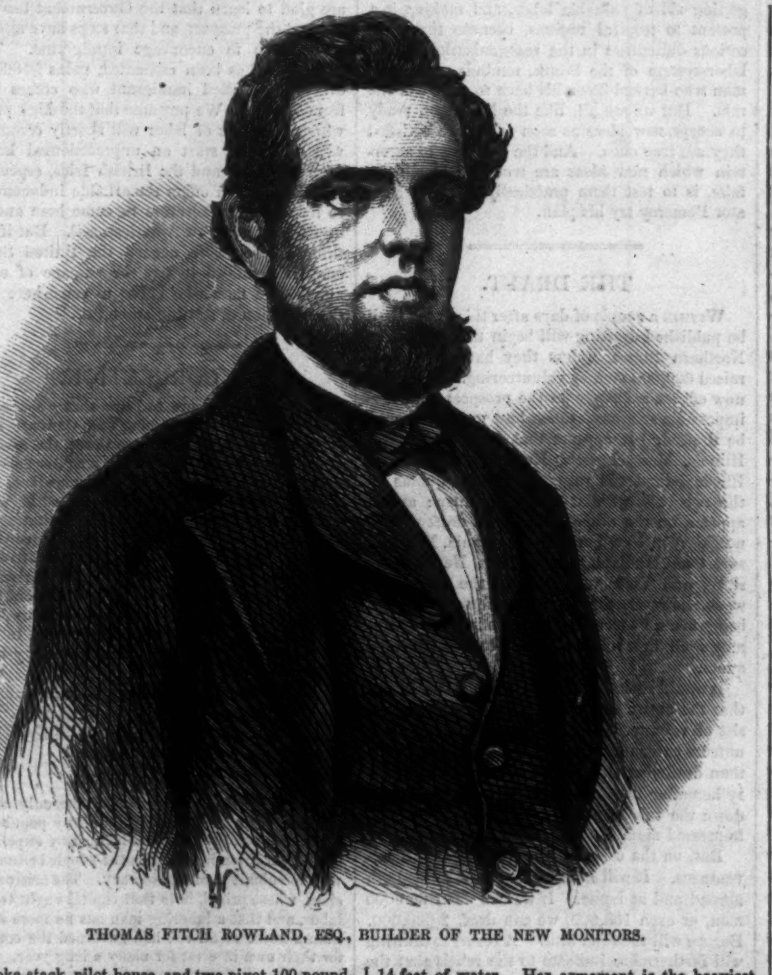
MR. T. F. ROWLAND.

WE publish on this page a portrait of Mr. THOMAS FITCH ROWLAND, who is building most of the new *Monitors* and turrets. Mr. Rowland was born at New Haven, Connecticut, on March 15, 1831, and is consequently thirty-one years of age. While yet a boy he drove an engine on the New Haven Railroad; and subsequently, on the occasion of some great racing which took place on the Sound boats, he became an engineer on board of one of them. Feeling, however, that he was fit for something better than driving an engine, he entered the Allaire Works in this city as an apprentice some ten years ago. In that extensive establishment he found free scope for his ability, and after two years' work in the shop and two more years in the drawing-room he became Superintending Engineer. Under his superintendence the engines of the *Harriet Lane* and several other well-known vessels were built. In the year 1859 Mr. Rowland took a ship-yard at Greenpoint, Long Island, and commenced the construction of iron vessels. He built several well-known vessels, and took a high stand among ship-builders. When the war broke out business came to Mr. Rowland with a rush. He prepared several of the vessels employed on the Hilton Head expedition, and likewise the mortar-schooners which sailed under Commodore Porter. It was he who built, under Captain Ericsson's supervision, the first *Monitor*. He is now engaged in building three of the new 200 feet *Monitors*, and, as soon as room can be found in his ship-yard, will commence the construction of the great Monitor *Puritan*, which is to be 340 feet long. Mr. Rowland is building, besides these vessels, three turrets for *Monitors* whose hulls are being constructed elsewhere.

Mr. Rowland commenced life as a poor boy, and never had any help from any one but himself. His own industry and energy have raised him to the proud position which he occupies. His career contains a useful lesson for young men.



THOMAS FITCH ROWLAND, ESQ., BUILDER OF THE NEW MONITORS.

THE "IRONSIDES."

WE publish herewith a picture of the IRON-CLAD FRIGATE "IRONSIDES" IN FIGHTING TRIM. She left Philadelphia on 23d with sealed orders, but we shall probably hear from her in a very short period of time.

Before sailing all her spars were taken out, so that she presents nothing but a bare hull with smoke-stack, pilot-house, and two pivot 100-pounder rifled guns on her spar deck. She is 240 feet long, 58 feet beam, 3250 tons register, and draws 14 feet of water. Her armament is the heaviest ever sent to sea on a single vessel. On her gun-deck she carries sixteen 11-inch Dahlgren guns, and on her spar deck two 100-pound Parrott guns. All of these are pivot guns, and can be trained to bear on any point of the compass. It is expected that her sides will withstand any shot which may be brought to bear on them. They consist of two feet of solid oak, plated with 4-inch iron. If shot penetrate this the builders will be surprised. The *Galena* is a very different and much less substantial vessel.

The Philadelphia *Inquirer* of 22d says:

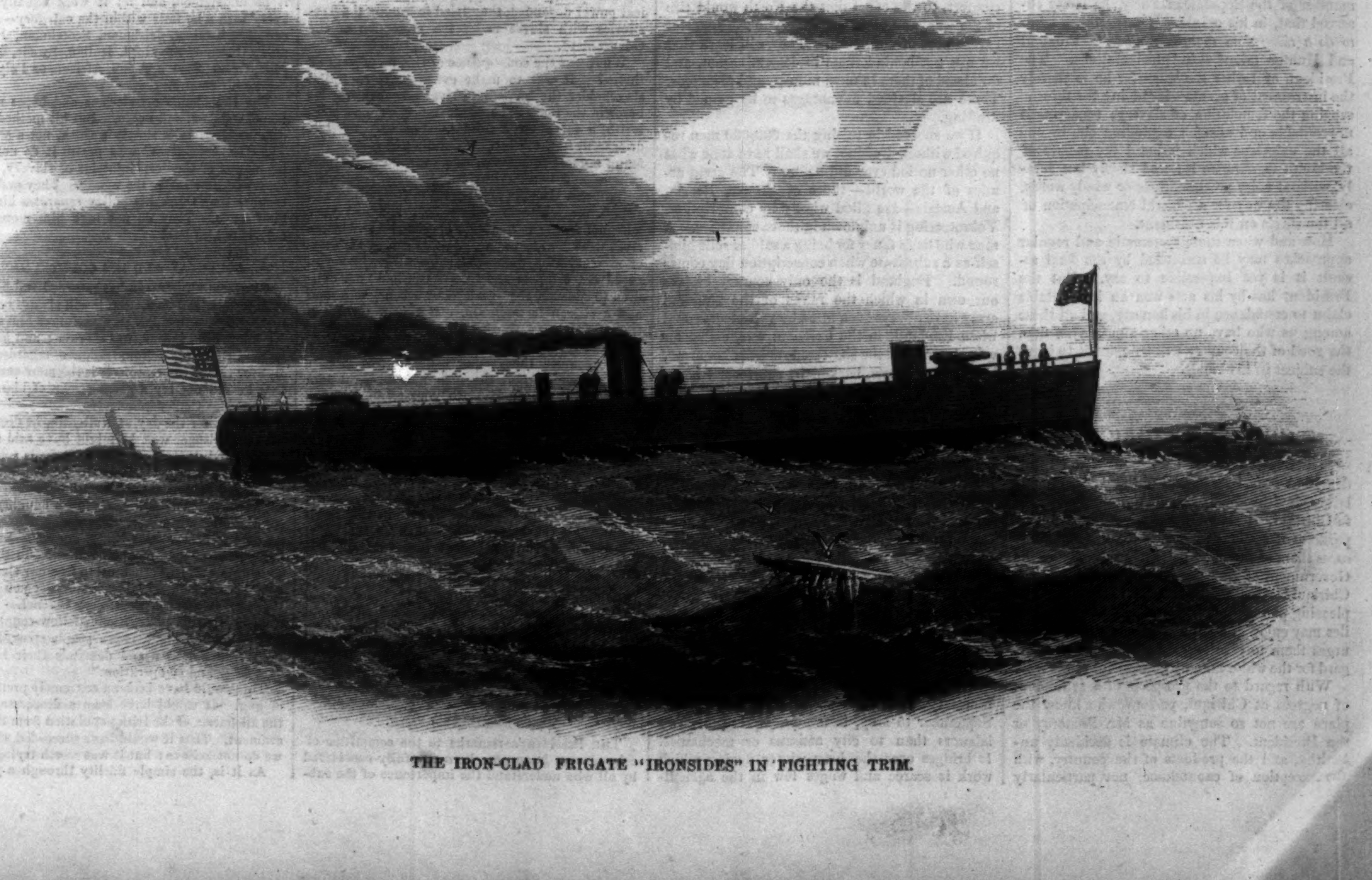
> This iron-clad vessel, which has been in course of construction for the past six months at the yard of Cramp & Son, and afterward at the yard of Merrick & Son, at the foot of Reed Street, has been entirely completed, and yesterday left this port.
>
> As the tide changed, and as soon as it turned her bow southward, the anchor was weighed with great enthusiasm by the crew, and at a quarter past 6 o'clock P.M. she commenced to move down the stream. Ten minutes later her propeller began to revolve, and she steamed down the river at the rate of six knots an hour, with forty revolutions per minute. As she moved, the sailors in the receiving-ship *Princeton* mounted the masts and rigging, and gave three hearty cheers for her success. Large numbers of persons assembled to witness the departure on the various wharves in the vicinity and at the Navy-yard. She was accompanied by a steam-tug as far as the Magazine.

The *Powhatan* has gone to sea with the *Ironsides*.

IMPROVED ORDNANCE.

A CORRESPONDENT, who takes exception to some of our statements in regard to the Rodman and other new guns, writes as follows:

"In Rodman's last guns—the 15-inch for the iron-clads—his model has been modified in some respects, especially by shortening, and the guns will be cast on Rodman's 'circulating water core.' All his other guns—the 9-inch, 11-inch, and other sizes—are *cast solid*. The peculiarity of a 'Rodman' gun is the hollow casting, with a stream of water running through the 'core barrel' during the process, and, in fact, until the gun is almost cool. The 15-inch guns ('Lincoln,' and others) at Fortress Monroe are Columbiads. Of these large Columbiads four have been made; one is bored to a 12-inch rifle—the 'Union.' Of the 15-inch Dahlgrens some half-dozen have been cast—none are finished. One will be ready in a week or two, and the firm will probably furnish two per week afterward until their contract is filled. Larger guns—20 and 30 inch—have been *talked of*, nothing more. The 15-inch throws a *solid* shot of about 460 pounds; the 20-inch of about 1000 pounds; the 30-inch, if such could be made, of 3500 pounds. The 20-inch will probably be made; the manufacture of a 30-inch gun is quite unlikely."



THE IRON-CLAD FRIGATE "IRONSIDES" IN FIGHTING TRIM.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1862.

THE PRESIDENT AND SLAVERY.

THE President has taken advantage of a rather impertinent and very injudicious letter addressed to him by Mr. Horace Greeley, to state to the public his position on the slavery question. We publish his letter in another column. While distinctly avowing his personal wish that "all men every where could be free," the President declares that his sole exclusive aim is to restore the Union, without reference to slavery; and that while he would not hesitate to proclaim emancipation if he were satisfied that that would restore the Union, neither would he scruple to save the Union with slavery. He thus takes issue on the one hand with the pro-slavery half-and-half Union men of the Border States who object to the restoration of the Union at the cost of their peculiar institution, and, on the other, with the fanatical ultraists of the North who object to the restoration of the Union unless slavery be destroyed.

In this position Mr. Lincoln will undoubtedly find himself supported by the bulk of the people of the country. What we all want, first, is to put down the rebellion. When that is done, we can deal with slavery and its antecedents as our necessities may dictate.

Nothing can be falser than to assume, as some of the followers of Mr. Wendell Phillips do, that if we restore the Union without destroying slavery, our work will be only half accomplished, and it will be left to another generation to complete it. Whatever be the issue of the war, slavery has already received a death-blow from which it can never recover. There is no State in the Union in which it can ever be again a thriving or even a safe institution. That iron despotism of the master class, and that rigid system of municipal law, which alone could render it safe for white men and women to inhabit vast plantations surrounded by negro slaves, have been utterly shattered by the events of the war. Even where the black has not had courage, or sense, or opportunity to escape to the Union lines, and claim the privilege of freedom offered him by our laws, he has been utterly demoralized, and rendered forever unfit to resume the patient toil of past years.

It is known, probably, to nine out of ten slaves in the South that every Slave State now contains a safe refuge whither fugitives can fly for emancipation, and where no overseer or blood-hound can follow them. That these fugitives thus far have come into our lines by hundreds instead of tens of thousands is mainly due to the fact that the entire white population of the South is armed, and all general movements of the negroes are at once repressed by wholesale massacres. But neither the rifle nor the stake can expel from the mind of the slave the knowledge that freedom is near him, and that he can obtain it when he chooses to make the effort; and with this thought in his brain, he is worse than valueless as property.

This great fact is ever present to Mr. Lincoln's mind. In conversation with a leading banker of this city, who is also a prominent member of the Republican Party, he lately observed that, in his opinion, it was "much wiser *to do a thing than to talk about it.*" Frémont and Hunter talked—in proclamations. The President, or rather the war—for he is merely the instrument of events—is "doing the thing:" sapping the foundation of slavery; rendering it unprofitable and unsafe; exploding one by one all the delusions which induced the people of the South to cling to it; and slowly but surely, without noisy proclamations or windy words, clearing the way for a general emancipation of all the slaves on this continent.

How and when these systematic and regular approaches may be succeeded by the final assault it is yet impossible to say. But the President has by his acts won an indisputable claim to confidence in his honesty, and all those among us who have no other aim in view than the good of the country will be content to leave the subject in his hands.

GOING TO CHIRIQUI.

SENATOR POMEROY, on behalf of the President, has issued an appeal to the colored population, inviting 500 of them to accompany him to Chiriqui, in New Granada, with a view to a permanent settlement there. The Senator assures them of the good-will and protection of the Government of New Granada, in which country Chiriqui is situate. He, like Mr. Lincoln, draws pleasing pictures of the prosperity which the exiles may enjoy in their new home, and earnestly urges them to give one more proof of their regard for the white man by getting out of his way.

With regard to the prospects of a settlement of negroes at Chiriqui, persons who know the place are not so sanguine as Mr. Pomeroy or the President. The climate is decidedly unhealthy, and the products of the country, with the exception of caoutchouc, not particularly varied or valuable. There is coal there, certainly; but it is tertiary coal, not of the least use for marine purposes, and only serviceable for the manufacture of gas. There are harbors, good ones, at Bocas del Toro on the Atlantic side, and David on the Pacific; but there is no road between them: it will cost a large sum to build or cut one; and when it is made, there will be no use for it. There are a few people in the Province of Chiriqui; a few dozen whites, and the rest mongrel negroes and Indians, vulgarly called "greasers." They do nothing but lie in the sun and sleep. Wild fruits, fish, and turtles supply them with food: a popular style of clothing is an old Panama hat with a cock's feather stuck in it. Whether Mr. Pomeroy's five hundred intelligent and virtuous colored exiles are more likely to civilize these greasers than the greasers are to degrade their new neighbors to their own level, is an open question. Persons who have lived in the tropics are prepared to take odds on the greasers.

These are exciting times, and we are all learning something every day. On the face of it, getting rid of valuable labor, and making it a present to tropical regions, because there are serious difficulties in the reorganization of the labor-system of the South, reminds one of the man who burned down his barn to get rid of the rats. But we are all, like the President, ready to accept new ideas as soon as we are satisfied they are true ones. And the only way to ascertain which new ideas are true and which are false, is to test them practically. So let Senator Pomeroy try his plan.

THE DRAFT.

WITHIN a couple of days after this paper shall be published drafting will begin throughout the Northern States, unless they have previously raised 600,000 men by volunteering. Each day now effects a change in the prospect, and it is impossible at present to say how many men may be drafted. It appears that Michigan, Iowa, Illinois, Massachusetts, Kentucky, Maine, and Rhode Island will raise their entire quotas of the two calls without drafting a man: and it appears on the other hand that a draft will be necessary in New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Ohio, Indiana, Connecticut, New Hampshire, and Vermont. Within the remaining week, however, the vigorous efforts which are being made by recruiting officers in these States may swell their volunteer ranks to the prescribed quota.

It would be desirable, in several points of view, that the entire army of the Union should consist of volunteers. At first, at all events, volunteers enter into the business with more spirit than drafted men. And it would be satisfactory hereafter to recall the fact that we had put down the rebellion without the aid of a single impressed man.

But, on the other hand, drafting has its advantages. It will have a fine moral effect both abroad and at home. If we can draft 600,000 men, or even 100,000, we can draft 2,000,000. Europe will take the hint. A resort to drafting will furthermore indicate to the rebels that the North is thoroughly in earnest, and that all its resources are to be employed to suppress the rebellion. It will at once and forever dispel the delusion from which they have derived so much comfort, to the effect that the North would tire of the war, and yield the victory to the superior earnestness of the South. They will learn that we are not behind them in determination, and far ahead of them in men, money, and resources. These are decided advantages to be gained by drafting.

If we succeed in raising the 600,000 men required without drafting, we shall have done what no other nation ever did before. The great armies of the world—those of France, Russia, and Austria—are filled wholly by conscription. Volunteering is unknown in those countries. A man who has a fancy for being a soldier sells himself as a substitute when conscription day comes round. England is the only country besides our own in which the ranks of the National army have always been filled by volunteers; and when England, in the Crimean war, called for volunteers to fill the shattered ranks of her army, her utmost efforts, backed by substantial bounties, only succeeded in raising some 60,000 men, very few of whom were considered effectives. She would doubtless have done better had the war menaced her national existence, as the rebellion menaces ours. But there is a long stride from 60,000 men to a million.

In the matter of volunteering the West is doing better than the East, the country than the towns. This can be explained without imputing lack of patriotism to the citizens of the East or the people of the large cities. In the first place, it is notorious that of the first levies the large cities—New York, Philadelphia, and Boston—furnished more than their share. In the general account there is a substantial balance in their favor and against the country. Next, it must be borne in mind that an offer of nine months' steady work, at good wages, from September to May, is more tempting to farm-laborers than to city artisans or mechanics. It bridges over the long winter during which work is scarce and wages low in the agricultural districts. It enables the farm-laborer to finish the business of getting in this year's crop, and sets him free for the summer work on the next. With the city mechanic, who knows nothing of seasons, and whose employment is sometimes brisker in winter than in summer, these considerations have no weight. Again, it must be borne in mind that in the West the proportion of males to females is larger than in the East, and the fighting population much greater. A Western State, with a population of two millions, contains more material for soldiers than an older State in the East with one-third more people. Hence we see the Adjutant-General of Illinois positively overwhelmed by the rush of volunteers, while the Adjutants-General of New York and Ohio are calmly preparing for the draft.

The levy of an army of a million men, and their steady employment in military service, will make a serious inroad upon the ranks of peaceful labor, and will cause a large advance in all classes of wages. This will naturally lead to a copious immigration from Europe. We are glad to learn that the Government has discovered the prospect, and that steps have already been taken to encourage immigrants. This country, it has been estimated, gains $1000 by every able-bodied immigrant who comes here from Europe. We presume that the high prices which all kinds of labor will shortly command will suffice to start an unprecedented hegira from Germany and the British Isles, especially as the new tariff offers remarkable inducements to foreign manufacturers to come here and set up their factories on American soil. But if any thing further were needed, the United States could well afford to pay the passage of every able-bodied man who chose to come here with the intention of settling among us.

A CORRECTION.

IT gives us pleasure to learn that we were entirely mistaken in supposing that CAPTAIN RODMAN, United States Ordnance Corps, the inventor of the Rodman Gun, had proved a traitor and gone over to the rebels. Captain Rodman has, ever since the outbreak of the war, devoted his entire energies to the service of the United States Government, and is now, as he has been for three years, in command of the United States Arsenal at Watertown, Massachusetts. He has never harbored a disloyal thought. Captain Rodman is second to no officer in the army in scientific attainments, zeal, and industry; and we extremely regret to have been betrayed into doing him a temporary injustice.

THE LOUNGER.

THE REAL CONTEST.

THE rebellion is the effort of the only aristocratic class in the country to destroy popular institutions, because they had learned by experience that under those institutions the people became too wise to submit to an aristocracy. The aristocratic class, whose principle is that capital ought to own labor, and that a laboring man has no more rights than a horse or an ox, had governed the country for their own interest for many a long year. Seeing at length that the natural increase of population was filling up the Territories of the United States with men who lived by their own labor, and fearful lest they should be deprived of extending the system of slavery, upon which their political power depended, they tried to occupy the Territories with slaves under the protection of the Government.

What was the consequence of this movement of theirs? It was to make every great capitalist slaveholder the immediate rival of every free laborer in the land. You, for instance, were a blacksmith, a carpenter, a farmer. You or your children went to the West. What did you find? You found a great proprietor, who owned a dozen carpenters and blacksmiths and farmers, occupying an immense domain, and trying to forestall you in your trade, whatever it may be. You had your wife and family to maintain by your labor, but the rival workman had none, and was run by his owner at starvation wages—at rates with which you could not compete and live. You had your children to educate, the dignity and decency of a man and a citizen to maintain. But your rival was treated as a brute, was kept ignorant and degraded, and was sold like a hog. Every wretched slave there occupied the ground which a free laborer might occupy; and the men who brought him brought not only a rival to your trade, but disgrace to it, poverty and a hard fight to you, and ignorance and destitution to your children.

The people of the land saw the trick and scorned it. They utterly routed the party that supported this policy. They did not all vote for Mr. Lincoln, but the friends of Mr. Douglas refused the Governmental protection of slavery in the Territories. So the aristocracy, beaten at the polls, began war upon the United States at Sumter. What for? To maintain their power over the free laboring interest of the country. They despise the laboring class. They hold that it is not fit to enjoy political power. They declare that they are the rightful masters, and that the mud-sills shall be whipped in. It is a contest of human rights against class privilege—of all the people against a few men—of the democracy against an aristocracy.

THE PRESIDENT'S PLAN.

THE President's remarks to the committee of colored men have now been carefully considered by all who understand the importance of the subject. That his scheme of colonization is impracticable and undesirable does not detract in the least from the honest good-will with which he urges it; and that a President of the United States should say to colored men that the treatment of their race in the country had been most unjust and iniquitous is something that three or four years ago was the most hopeless of all possibilities.

With the President the question, as with all sensible men, is a practical one. What is the best thing to do under the circumstances? is what he asks. His reply is that, in view of the strong distaste of the dominant race in this country to the other, it is better that the latter should withdraw and settle elsewhere.

That they are as much native here as most of us whites, whose fathers, grandfathers, and ancestors came from Europe—that they are an essential and immense part of the laboring force of the country—that they are a singularly inoffensive, mild, and amiable people—that they are fondly attached to the region in which they are born and leave it only because of the brutal slavery in which they are held—that they form a very insignificant proportional minority of all the criminal offenders in the land—that they are a cheerful, affectionate, flexible race—that their only offense is that we have injured them—that the prejudice against them is an idle, wanton, and wicked hatred, cherished among the most brutal and ignorant of our foreign population—by the most dangerous and unprincipled of political demagogues and newspapers—that the emigration of four millions of people in their condition is a practical impossibility, and if it were feasible, that it would be the most disastrous blow at the prosperity of the country at a time when it is least able to bear it—are all considerations of no weight in the President's mind, in view of the fact that a great many white people in the country don't like the colored people.

But such dislikes are a very common spectacle in history. The Jews were universally hated in the Christendom of the Middle Ages, and they were abominably treated. They are tolerated now, but they are still viewed with a peculiar prejudice, and in the European cities they occupy certain quarters which are half regarded as lazarettos. Until very recently Jews could not sit in the British Parliament. But is a grave recognition and fortification of this prejudice a sound state policy?

In old Britain the Normans, Danes, and Saxons did not love each other. But they did not go asunder and colonize. They remained and formed the English nation. The English to-day do not like the Scotch, and they hate the Irish. Is there any valid reason why black men should be enslaved or exiled by white men that would not equally justify enslaving and exiling the Celts by the Saxons? If we are to talk of troublesome and dangerous and impracticable races, what will our Celtic brethren say for themselves?

There is a bitter prejudice against the colored race in this country. That they should emigrate is out of the question. That they should be enslaved is henceforth impossible. They must remain. They must be elevated as fast as possible into good citizens. And how fast ignorance, degradation, and stupidity *can* be raised to what we call the level of citizenship the history of every year shows. The most brutal, besotted, wretched, superstitious European, who can neither read nor write, whose body and mind have hitherto starved in abject want, lands upon our shores, and in a very, very, very short time, he is found voting for Mayor of New York, and is held to be quite good citizen enough to help oppress the unfortunate colored natives of the country.

The prejudice against the colored race is one that we must overcome. To indulge it is to stab our fundamental doctrine to the heart. But if ignorance, brutality, and degradation in high places or low are to be held to condemn men to servility, let it be understood, and let it work equally. Let every man who falls within the category—American, Englishman, Irishman, Scotchman, Frenchman, German, Spaniard, Italian, Swede, Norwegian, Greek, Syrian, Asian, African, or Polynesian—take his chance.

The President's convictions and hopes are humane, and just, and noble. But his method is impracticable. It is simply a shirk, not a solution. The "Conservatives" who praise it do not share his feeling of the deep injustice of slavery, nor do they wish to remedy the wrong. They praise him because they think his policy separates him from his friends. They do not love him more: they only hate him less.

CORCORAN AND HIS COUNTRYMEN.

GENERAL CORCORAN has returned and has been most festally received. But it will always be a matter of surprise that Jeff Davis retained him so long. He knew him, indeed, to be brave; and he knew how warmly his fellow-Irishmen regarded him. But for those very reasons it is the more surprising that he did not try a great stroke of blarney for the precious Confederacy.

When, after the day at Bull Run, he discovered who his prisoner was, he might have said to him, hat in hand, "My dear Colonel, here is some mistake. We can not be enemies. You and your brave and gallant countrymen have long contended, as we are contending, against a haughty, domineering, foreign power. Our sympathies are necessarily together. Our hearts are one. You have been, most of you, our political allies in the past. This unjust war to crush us, to free our slaves and create rivals for your labor, is one that you can not support. Go home, then, dear Colonel. Present my compliments to your noble fellow-countrymen, and tell them that a brave people struggling for their rights desires and demands their heartiest sympathy and co-operation."

This would have been an extremely pretty piece of gag. It would have been a desperate bid for the alienation of the Irish population from the Government. That it would have succeeded, of course we do not believe; but it was worth trying.

As it is, the simple fidelity through a year of suffering of General Corcoran—the purely patriotic ardor of Generals Meagher and Busteed—are the best guarantee of the conduct of the intelligent part of their countrymen. They see clearly that they have nothing to gain, and every thing to lose, by the success of the rebellion. Many of them belong to the hard-working population, and that is a class which the leaders of the rebellion despise. In the Confederacy, were it established, they would soon lose all political privilege, while the labor by which they lived would be brought into disgrace by the system of slavery. In the State of South Carolina, from which the insurrection sprang, there is already a property qualification for voters which would effectually exclude the immense majority of our Irish citizens who live by their own labor.

And that is the spirit of the rebellion. The men who believe in that exclusion are the men who lead this revolution. It did not begin among the poorer, hard-working class, but with men who foolishly declare that they were born to rule other men. It is exactly the spirit of the British aristocracy—the class to which our Southern aristocracy is most allied in sympathy. It is by that sympathy also that the governing classes in England so ardently wish the success of the rebellion. For it would be the triumph of the aristocratic system and the ruin of democracy.

THE CONDITIONS OF WAR.

THERE are accounts of various persons arrested for discouraging enlistment by wishing well to the rebellion, and ardently desiring that our soldiers may be captured, beaten, and killed. It would seem, as a general rule, that the mere casual expression of such sentiments by private persons might be left to the contempt which they naturally excite. But if they are addressed to those about to enlist, or who are considering the subject, then the speakers may fairly be dealt with in the discretion of the Government.

For it must be constantly borne in mind that, when we accepted war, we accepted the conditions of war. When the rebellion announced itself at Sumter there were but two methods open to us. One was to yield to it, and avoid war by surrender and the destruction of the Government. The other was to take up arms. Instinctively the nation chose war. But war is totally inconsistent with our civilization and the unrestricted enjoyment of personal and political rights. We were obliged to descend to it to save that civilization, and we must abide by its rules or we are foolish and already defeated.

The discipline of war being the severest despotism, we were and are all submitted to it. It compasses its ends by brute force. It must have unity of sentiment, or, that being impossible, it must secure freedom from hostile criticism. It must supersede the ordinary processes of law. It must enforce measures which, to our ordinary habit, would seem most threatening. And it must do all these things, because not to do them when you are at war is to expose yourself to mortal peril.

But what is our security against the absolute destruction of those rights which war suspends? Nothing but the character of the men in whose hands the authority lies, and in that of the troops they command. In our country at this moment, if the President were disposed to abuse the enormous power confided to him, the army and the generals would be a restraint upon him. If the generals, or any one of them, were disposed to try the game of Napoleon or Cromwell, they would find themselves deserted by the army, which is not their tool, but in that case a body of fellow-citizens. If the army itself could be supposed to play the country false, they have the arms and the discipline. But the army is the people, or the representatives of the people.

The talk of the loss of our liberties, then, in which the foreign and domestic enemy so loudly indulges, is only twaddle. War, willingly accepted, is the willing renunciation of rights for a certain time and for a particular purpose. The existence of those rights is threatened by the rebellion, not by the nation. It is to save the fundamental guarantee of those rights that they are temporarily suspended, as, when your eyesight is threatened, you are doomed to temporary darkness in order to escape permanent blindness.

RETALIATION.

THE rebels have pursued Union men within their lines with the ferocity of wild beasts. They have seized their property and persons: they have tortured and hung them at their mad pleasure. The story of Parson Brownlow's book inspires a feeling of the utmost abhorrence of those men in whom a blind rage at their own chimeras has extinguished humanity.

General Pope issued an order, in accordance with the universal usage of war, that his army should be subsisted upon the enemy; that is to say, that the rebels should help pay the expense of suppressing their rebellion. There was nothing unusual nor cruel in the order. The enemy and the world have the right to laugh at our feebleness, that it was so long delayed.

Jeff Davis has undertaken to retaliate upon what he calls this barbarous plan. He has denounced General Pope and his officers as felons—and is reported authentically to have confined the brave men taken at Cedar Mountain and to feed them upon bread and water.

The instinctive wish of every generous mind is that our Government should teach him, in the only way by which he can be taught, that his ferocity must be somewhat restrained. The rebels can not be dealt with as honorable men, for their conspiracy began in perjury, and they laugh honor to scorn. If they have more prisoners of rank than we, it would be folly in us to resort to extreme measures, for they would only sacrifice our own men. But if we have the most, Jeff Davis should be plainly informed that his men in our hands answered for ours in his. Every degree of severity is consonant with the duty of protecting our brave boys from his ferocity.

If it be said that this would begin a war of extermination, there is but one answer—that the responsibility must rest where it belongs. Our first duty is to our loyal fellow-citizens who have braved death for us, and have now fallen into the enemy's hands. If they are well treated by them, well. If not, let them feel it in the only way they can be made to.

If it be said that it is terrible to think of every officer of ours who falls hereafter into the enemy's power suffering a retaliatory doom, the answer is, that they do suffer it already. At this moment they are suffering it, and the sole question is, whether they shall suffer unavenged. General Buckner, the meanest of traitors, was pleasantly confined in Fort Warren. We trusted the rebels' word, sent him home for exchange, and were cheated. They have noble men of ours now, and they are thrust into cells and treated like the worst criminals; and if we subsist our troops upon the enemy, and shoot spies and secret foes, they will hang our men, their prisoners.

That they will do so there is no doubt. Therefore we must threaten nothing that we do not mean. General Pope's order should be rescinded, that the prisoners of Cedar Mountain may be treated like the others; or a general order should acquaint Davis and his men that the treatment of their prisoners taken in the field will be exactly graduated by their conduct toward ours.

FAITH THE SOURCE OF GOOD WORKS.

IT is reported that one of our Generals said that he did not exactly understand why he was fighting on our side rather than on the other, and in fact could not honestly say that he knew what the war was about.

The General is doubtless belied, but the words imputed to him describe what was, beyond question, the feeling of many good soldiers in the Union army. The actions of many of them unconsciously show it, however honest they may be. The inexplicable pauses upon the very high-roads of success; the disappearance from the scene of men distinguished for going ahead; the victories lost by not being vigorously followed up; the delay and dilatory advance so constantly remarked—all these are signs of a want of hearty earnestness which doesn't exactly understand why it is fighting for the flag instead of against it.

No man can be victorious who does not believe in his cause. The great and successful Generals were men who had a profound faith in that if in nothing else. Julius Cæsar and Napoleon Bonaparte meant success at all hazards. They knew very well why they were fighting, and what for. They had no sympathy or toleration for the enemy. Whatever and whoever it might be, the enemy was something to be destroyed in the most rapid and overwhelming manner.

In this matter we need go no further for a lesson than Jeff Davis and the rebels. They believe fully in their cause and in themselves. They will stop at nothing to secure success. Bred in a feudal and barbarous and ignorant society, they are personally brave and unscrupulous. War is natural to them. The condition of the mass of their soldiers is better in the camp than at their own homes. They have the ignorance that inflames hatred, and the ferocity that delights in brutality. They have proved themselves to be a brave, enduring, desperate enemy.

Now if you send against such men a leader who thinks that they are half right, that they have been goaded into rebellion, that their conduct is irregular but very natural, he is beaten before he marches, and his men are murdered. But if he believed the enemy to be wantonly, basely wrong; if he appreciated the utter woe and desolation and ruin that attend the war they have causelessly begun; if he understood the occasion and the purpose of their fighting, his movement would be so swift and terrible that if he were beaten it would be because victory was impossible for him.

A leader who fights from a sense of military etiquette, and not from the profound conviction of the justice of his cause, may scientifically plan a battle and execute it by proper rules. But he will not win it against odds and the laws of the art. It is not to be supposed that in the actual shock of battle men gravely think about the philosophy of the war; and doubtless upon the field any good General does his best to win the day. But the whole character of the campaign will be determined by the General's feeling. If he believes, say in our own war, that the rebels are half right, his campaign will be half wrong. It will lack nerve and rapidity and severity. It will temporize and dally and delay. It will encourage the enemy and dishearten his own men. But if he rates the rebels at their true value as enemies of his country, of his race, and of civil society, he will smite them every where and incessantly hip and thigh, and they will know that they have to deal with a resolution as inexorable as their own.

It is for this reason that it is essential for every leader of the national arms to be as true a patriot as he is a faithful soldier. It is this earnest conviction of the justice of his cause which will make his military science available. In our Revolution General Lee was doubtless a more accomplished military man than Washington; but the cause would have been lost had he been Commander-in-Chief, for he did not especially care about it. So it was chiefly faith in the cause, not military ability, that established the English Commonwealth.

This nation believes with all its heart in the work it is doing. Let it have for leaders only men who equally believe, and the work will be done speedily and done well.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

SQUALID BEGGAR. "Pray, Sir, take pity on a miserable wretch; I have a wife and six children."

GENT. "My poor fellow, accept my heartfelt sympathy; so have I."

What is it you must keep after giving it to another? Your word.

LAMB.—An ambitious young lady was talking very loud and fast about her favorite authors, when a literary chap asked her if she liked Lamb. With a look of ineffable disgust she answered her interlocutor that she cared very little about what she *ate* compared with knowledge.

A country clergyman, who, on Sundays, is more indebted to his manuscript than to his memory, called unceremoniously at a cottage while its possessor, a pious parishioner, was engaged (a daily exercise) in perusing a paragraph of the writings of an inspired prophet. "Weel, John," familiarly inquired the clerical visitant, "what's this you are about?" "I am prophesying," was the prompt reply. "Prophesying!" exclaimed the astounded divine; "I doubt you are only reading a prophecy." "Weel," argued the religious rustic, "giff reading a preachin' be preachin', is na reading a prophecy prophesying?"

A Presbyterian minister, in the reign of King William III., performing public worship in the Tron Church at Edinburgh, used this remarkable expression in his prayer: "Lord have mercy upon all fools and idiots, and particularly upon the town council of Edinburgh!"

When the regulations of West Boston Bridge were drawn up by two famous lawyers, one section was written, accepted, and now stands thus: "And the said proprietors shall meet annually on the first Tuesday of June, provided the same does not fall on Sunday."

An Englishman in Philadelphia, speaking of the Presidency of Washington, was expressing a wish to an American to behold him. While this conversation passed, "There he goes," replied the American, pointing to a tall, erect, dignified personage passing on the other side of the street. "That General Washington!" exclaimed the Englishman. "Where is his guard?" "Here," replied the American, striking his bosom with emphasis.

In a cathedral, one day after service, the bellows-blower said to the organist, "I think we have done very well today." "*We!*" said the organist, in no small surprise at the impudence of his menial; "how can you pretend to have any merit in the performance? Never let me hear you say such a thing again." The man said nothing more at the time, but when they were next playing he suddenly intermitted in his task of inflating the organ. The organist rose in wrath to order him to proceed, when the fellow, thrusting his head out from behind the curtain, asked slyly, "Shall it be *we*, then?"

A farmer was elected to a corporalship in a militia company. His wife, after discoursing with him for some time on the advantage which the family would derive from his exaltation, inquired, in a doubting tone, "Husband, will it be proper for us to let our children play with the neighbors now?" One of the little urchins eagerly asked, "Are we not all corporals?" "Tut," said the mother, "hold your tongue; there is no one corporal but your father and myself."

A barrister observed to a learned brother in court that he thought his whiskers were very unprofessional. "You are right," replied his friend; "a lawyer can not be too barefaced."

In the newspaper account of an inquest held on the body of a glutton, who died by devouring part of a goose, the verdict *suffocation* was printed, with more truth than was intended, *stuffocation*.

A parson who had a scolding wife one day brought home a brother clergyman to dinner. Having gone into a separate apartment to talk to his spouse about the repast, she attacked and abused him for bringing a parcel of idle fellows to eat up their income. The parson, provoked at her behavior, said, in a pretty loud tone, "If it were not for the stranger, I would give you a good drubbing." "Oh!" cried the visitor, "I beg you will make no stranger of me."

A sponger was reproached one day for dining so often among his friends. "What would you have me to do?" answered he; "I am *pressed* to do it." "True," answered Monk Lewis, "there is nothing more *pressing* than hunger."

An exquisitely-dressed young gentleman, after buying another seal to dangle about his delicate person, said to the jeweler that "he would-ah like to have-ah something engraved on it-ah, to denote what he was." "Certainly, certainly; I will put a cipher on it," said the tradesman.

Old Mrs. Darnley is a pattern of household economy. She says she has made a pair of socks last fifteen years by merely knitting new *feet* to them every winter, and *legs* every other winter.

The three most difficult things are—to keep a secret, to forget an injury, and to make good use of leisure.

An Irishman once observed that mile-stones were kind enough to answer your questions without giving you the trouble to ask them.

Why is the circulation of the blood sometimes suspended? Because it attempts to circulate in *vein*.

DO YOU GIVE IT UP?

When is a man likely to be completely sewed up?
When he feels a stitch in his side.

Why is it wrong to speak the truth?
Because there is sin in sincerity.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

GENERAL M'CLELLAN left Fortress Monroe with a large portion of his army on the 21st inst. His destination was Aquia Creek, where he arrived on 22d with a portion of his army. Fitz John Porter's corps, which sailed from Harrison's Landing some time since, is with Pope. General Burnside and his army are at or near Fredericksburg.

THE ARMY OF VIRGINIA.

General Pope has fallen back from Culpepper to the north bank of the Rappahanock, followed by the enemy in great force. From Wednesday, 20th, up to Saturday, 23d, there had been almost constant fighting all along the Rappahannock from where the Orange and Alexandria Railroad crosses up to Sulphur Springs, and thence eastward to Warrenton and Catlett's Station. On Wednesday there was only a single skirmish, the rebels driving back our pickets, but retiring before a cavalry charge. On Thursday five rebel regiments had a contest with Siegel's advance, and suffered pretty severely. On Friday they got to work in earnest, and the fight raged hotly all day along the river, the enemy trying to cross. They did not succeed. On the contrary, part of Siegel's men crossed, but did not endeavor to hold position. On Saturday an artillery duel began at four o'clock, and lasted nearly all day, the enemy still working up along the river to turn our flank. The loss of life is of course unknown, but it can not be very large on either side, as there were few close encounters. The prisoners on either side can not be very numerous; 200 taken by our army have arrived at Washington. The boldest dash of the enemy was that made by Stuart's cavalry upon Catlett's Station, where they succeeded in capturing General Pope's papers and money. At latest dates all was again quiet along the lines.

THE PRESIDENT ON THE NEGRO QUESTION.

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, *Aug.* 22, 1862.

Hon. Horace Greeley:

DEAR SIR,—I have just read yours of the 19th, addressed to myself, through the New York *Tribune*. If there be in it any statements or assumptions of fact which I may know to be erroneous, I do not now and here controvert it. If there be in it any inference which I believe to be falsely drawn, I do not now and here argue against it. If there be perceptible in it an impatient and dictatorial tone, I waive it, in deference to an old friend, whose heart I have always supposed to be right.

As to the policy I "seem to be pursuing," as you say, I have not meant to leave any one in doubt. I would save the Union. I would save it the shortest way under the Constitution. The sooner the national authority can be restored, the nearer the Union will be "the Union as it was."

If there be those who would not save the Union unless they could at the same time save slavery, I do not agree with them. If there be those who would not save the Union unless they could at the same time destroy slavery, I do not agree with them. My paramount object in this struggle is to save the Union, and is not either to save or to destroy slavery. If I could save the Union without freeing any slave I would do it, and if I could save it by freeing all the slaves I would do it. And if I could save it by freeing some and leaving others alone, I would also do that. What I do about slavery and the colored race I do because I believe it helps to save this Union. And what I forbear, I forbear because I do not believe it would help to save the Union. I shall do less whenever I shall believe what I am doing hurts the cause; and I shall do more whenever I shall believe doing more will help the cause. I shall try to correct errors when shown to be errors, and I shall adopt new views so fast as they shall appear to be true views.

I have here stated my purpose according to my view of official duty, and I intend no modification of my oft-expressed personal wish that all men every where could be free. Yours,

A. LINCOLN.

MEETING OF THE REBEL CONGRESS.

The rebel Congress met in Richmond on the 18th instant, on which occasion Jeff Davis submitted his annual message. He leads off in his usual hypocritical style, and then alludes to the Federal Government as "robbers," "assassins," etc., *ad infinitum*. He next speaks of and recommends retaliatory measures to meet the late laws recently passed by the Federal Government; recommends the issue of more rebel treasury shinplasters, and alludes to the building of rebel war vessels "at home and abroad." The resolutions introduced in the rebel House are highly significant of the future policy of the rebel government.

THE NEW STATE GOVERNMENT OF KENTUCKY.

Hon. James F. Robinson was inaugurated Governor of Kentucky, in the hall of the House of Representatives, at Frankfort, on the 18th inst., the Senate and its officers being present. Mr. Robinson made a speech. He possesses the entire confidence of the Union party of Kentucky. D. C. Wickliffe is to be the Secretary of State, and James W. Tate is to be Assistant-Secretary. The Senate, by unanimous vote, re-elected Hon. John F. Fisk Speaker of that body.

GUERRILLAS TO BE PUT DOWN.

Energetic measures have been adopted in the West to put a stop to the raids of the marauding and predatory bands of rebels in Kentucky and Tennessee. Ten Indiana regiments, besides cavalry and artillery, have already gone into Kentucky, the infantry having practical field-generals acting as colonels. It appears certain that the citizens of the West are no longer to be put into a constant state of terror by the wild and rapid movements of a few guerrillas.

HENDERSON, KENTUCKY.

The Mayor of Henderson, Kentucky, is said to have gone over to the rebels and taken service in their army. His property has been seized, and a new election ordered. All the members of the City Council were arrested for refusing to take the oath of allegiance, but they were subsequently released upon resigning, and giving bonds in five thousand dollars each not to aid or countenance the rebels.

GENERAL ROSECRANS IN THE FIELD.

From St. Louis it is stated that General Rosecrans, with 30,000 or 40,000 men, started from Corinth on Wednesday toward the southwest, with a prospect of having a brush with the rebels under Price at Tupelo, Mississippi, on the Mobile and Ohio Railroad. Corinth is still strongly protected.

THE "NIAGARA" TO BE RAZEED.

It has been at last determined to razee and cover with iron the war steamer *Niagara*.

GENERAL CORCORAN AT HOME.

General Corcoran arrived in this city on 23d, and met with a most enthusiastic reception. The streets were crowded with spectators, and it was asserted by many that the assemblage greatly outnumbered the crowd that was gathered together on the celebration of the Atlantic cable or at the reception of the Prince of Wales.

General Corcoran has declined formally to receive the proffered banquet of the Common Council of New York, and, for the present at least, an invitation to visit Boston.

THE RHODE ISLAND LEGISLATURE.

Governor Sprague has called an extra session of the Rhode Island Legislature, to convene on August 20. The reasons are thus assigned in the preamble of his proclamation: Whereas, the large bounties given by the several citizens and towns in this State for volunteers, for the purpose of avoiding a draft, is producing dissatisfaction among the troops now in the field; and whereas, this system of overbidding by each town, in its haste to relieve itself from a draft, is a most pernicious one, and is creating a large debt which is equally divided among the people of the State, when the cause for which it is incurred is that of all its citizens, for the preservation of their common country; and whereas, an undue haste has also been manifested by some of our people to render themselves exempt under the law from doing military duty.

INDIAN MASSACRE OF WHITES.

A dispatch from St. Paul, Minnesota, states that the Indians in Meeker County, in that State, have attacked the whites in the town of Acton, and killed several persons, including men, women, and children. Several persons are also reported to have been massacred at the Lower Agency. The cause alleged is exasperation at the non-reception of the money due them from the Government.

CITIZENS OF NEW ORLEANS DISARMED.

An important military order has been issued in New Orleans, by which all the inhabitants of that city have been deprived of their private arms, for the reason that at the battle of Baton Rouge it was discovered that numbers of the inhabitants of the latter city had been found among the slain on the battle-field. They had joined the rebel ranks.

ARREST FOR TREASON.

Charles Ingersoll has been arrested for treasonable or discouraging remarks, made at the Democratic meeting in Philadelphia on Saturday last. Mr. Ingersoll, in his speech, denounced President Lincoln and the Government in pretty strong terms, and accused them of disregarding the Constitution, and of being the most corrupt of any in the world. He also stated that our debt was heavier than that of any other nation, and one that had the least prospect of ever being paid.

FOREIGNERS NOT TO BE DRAFTED.

Secretary Seward has written a letter to the British Chargé d'Affairs to the effect that foreigners who have not taken out their full papers are not subject to draft.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

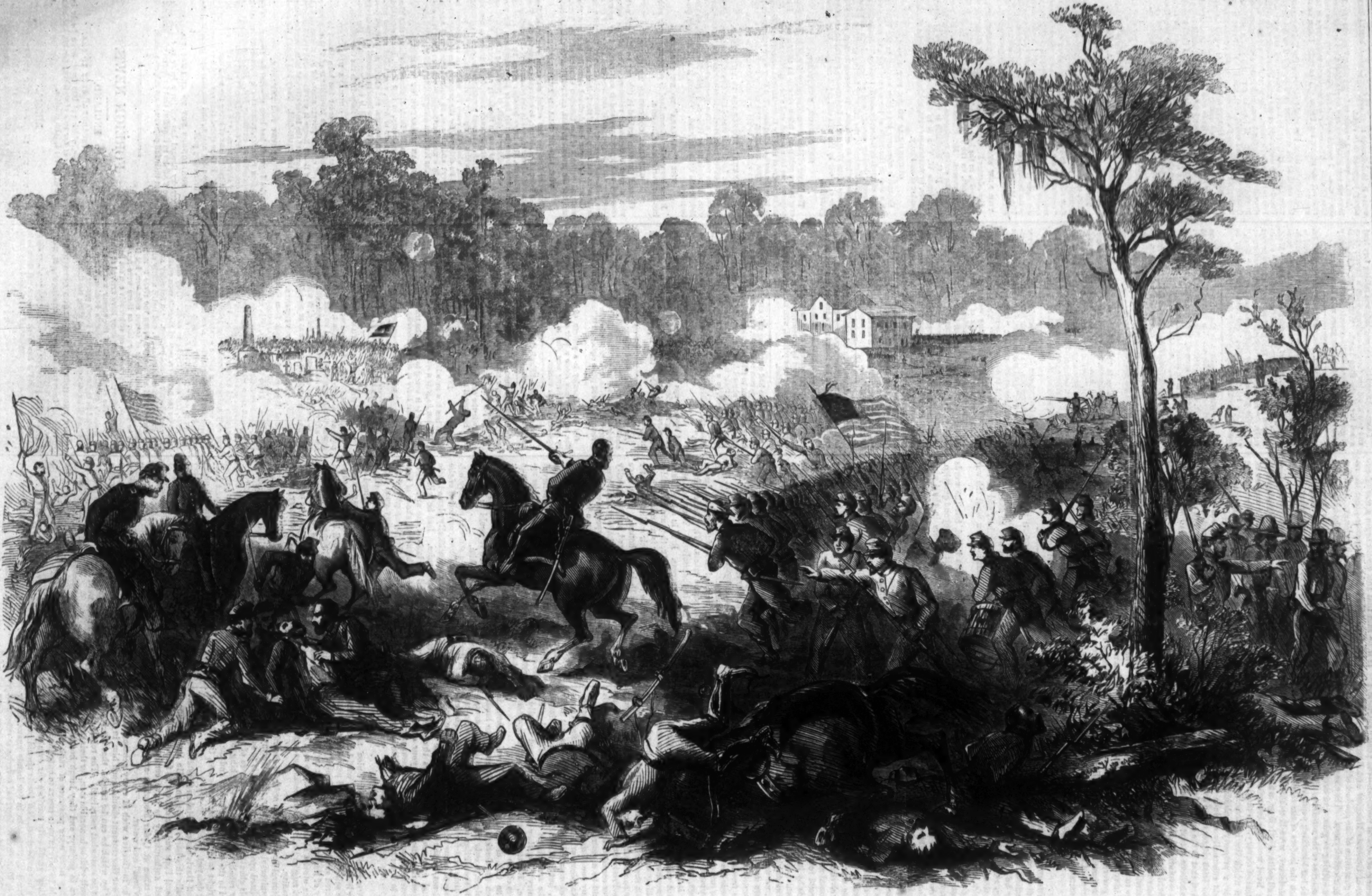
THE "TUSCARORA" SENT TO SEA.

THE *Tuscarora*, which put into Queenstown lately in the prosecution of her task of watching pirates, has been ordered off by the British officials.

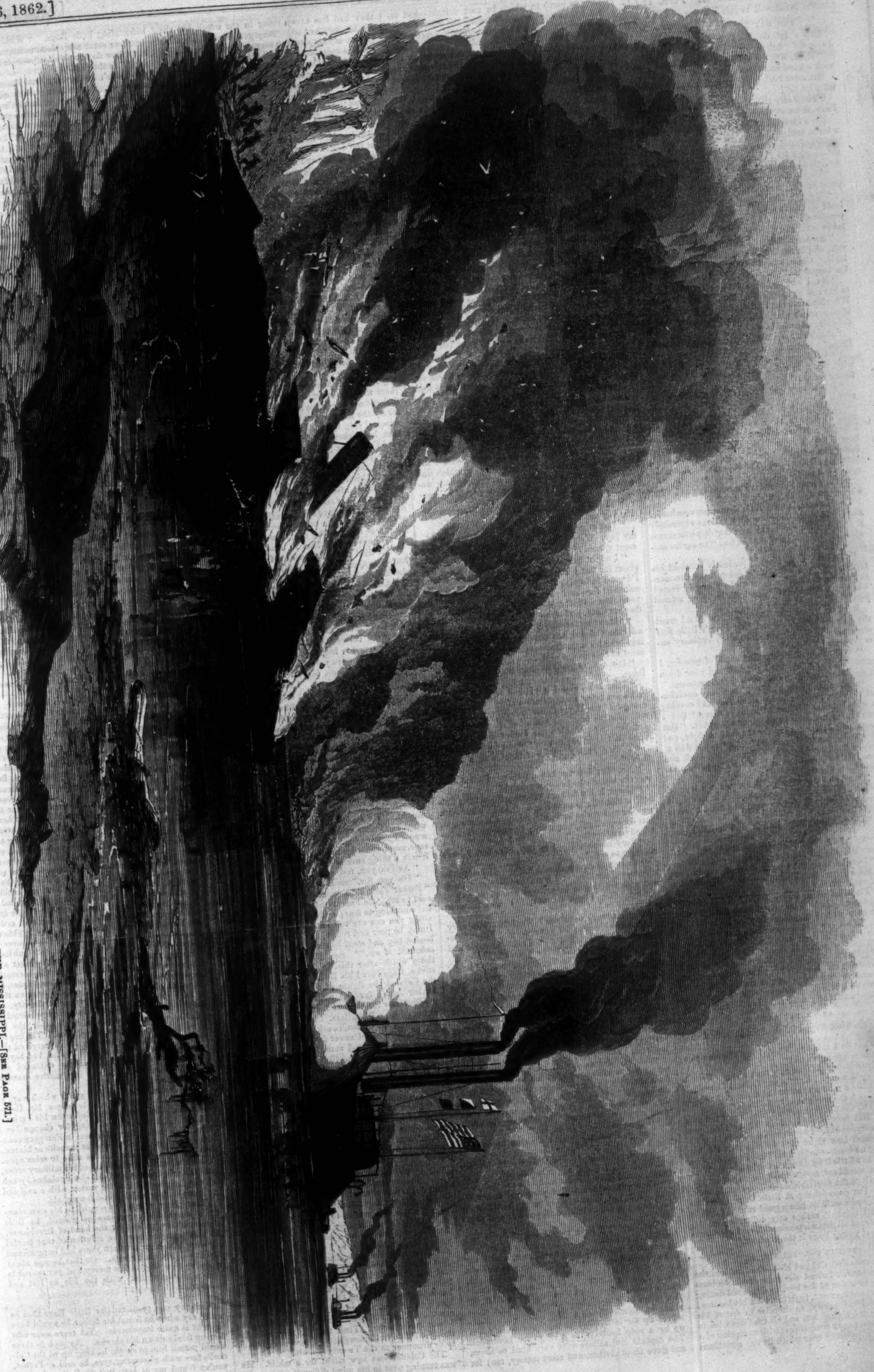
RUSSIA.

THE SENTIMENT OF THE EMPEROR.

The St. Petersburg *Journal* asserts that the Russian Cabinet desires to see the present conflict ended by prudent and honorable compromise, but does not wish to see the country divided.



THE BATTLE OF BATON ROUGE.—Sketched from the Camp of the Indiana Regiment.—[See Page 571.]



THE UNION GUN-BOAT "ESSEX" (COMMANDER PORTER) DESTROYING THE REBEL IRON-CLAD RAM "ARKANSAS," IN THE MISSISSIPPI.—[See Page 571.]

THE DRUMMER OF THE ILLINOIS TWENTY ——TH.

THE DAY BEFORE THE BATTLE.

Rub a dub dub! dub a dub dub! rub a dub, dub a dub, dub a dub dub!

"Here, little What's-your-name, come help us with a hand at *euchre!*"

Rat a tat tat! tat a tat tat! rat a tat, tat a tat, tat a tat tat!

"The deuce take the boy! is he deaf? Hallo! I say, drummer! come, help us with a game!"

Rat a tat! rub a dub! rat a tat a, tat a tat a, tat a tat a, tat!

"Confound your drum! do you want to deafen us all with its infernal clatter? How your own ears stand it is more than I can tell."

"Do let the boy alone, Thornsby; how *can* you go on teasing him in this way?"

"Teasing him, indeed! why, confound the fellow! he minds me no more than if I were an empty powder-flask. I doubt if it's in the power of mortal to tease *that* boy!"

"So much the better; he's right not to mind you, and is more of a man than you are, little as he is. Come, attend to your own business, and let the boy alone."

"No, I won't; he's a funny chap, and I intend to have some sport out of him. Come here, little What's-your-name! I suppose you can talk a bit, if you won't play. What's the use of being so deucedly unsociable, eh?"

"Don't call me What's-your-name; my name's Bags." Rub a dub a, dub a dub!

"Oh! Bags, is it? ho, ho, ho! ha, ha, ha! why, where in the world did you come by such a funny name?"

"It's a very good name." Rat a tat a, tat a tat!

"Very good, is it? Oh, to be sure, bags are well enough in their own place; but who ever heard of a fellow being christened *Bags?* I say, how did you come by it, little one? Was your father Bags too?"

"No; Father Jack gave it to me." Rub a dub a, dub a dub!

"Oh! 'twas Father Jack gave it to you! And who now may 'Father Jack' be?"

To this question the little drummer vouchsafed no reply, but continued to ply his sticks vigorously as before. No one could hear Bags's performance without being satisfied that he had "an ear for music" and a soul for *rhythm*.

"See here, little Bags!" presently resumed his tormentor, "you know we're going to fight to-morrow; now don't you expect to be deucedly scared when you see the balls and shells flying around you?"

Rat a tat! r-r-r-r-rat a tat! tat! tat! tat! went the drum. It was evident that Bags's little fists were moving with even more than ordinary energy.

"You won't relish the first snuff of powder, I promise you; you'll wish yourself and your drum a good thousand miles off when that time comes."

"I only wish I could fight!" suddenly exclaimed the boy, pausing in his operations and making a grand aerial flourish with his sticks. "But I can't; I'm too little to shoulder a musket. But never mind; I can play for the men to fight, and that's the next thing to it!" And rub a dub a, dub a dub! again went the drum, with a roll and a rattle that jarred the body of little Bags from his head to his heels.

"Hurrah for you! why, Bags, you're a trump! I didn't think you had so much pluck in that little carcass of yours! Tell us, now, who taught you to play the drum?"

"Taught myself." Rub a dub a dub! etc., etc.

"You did? Well that was smart of you! And where did you get the drum to teach yourself?"

"Didn't have any; practiced on an empty barrel till I joined the Twenty ——th." Rat a tat a tat! etc., etc.

"Practiced on an empty barrel! Well done for you, I say again! Why you play as though you'd been born with drum-sticks in your little fists, as some babies are said to come into the world with silver spoons in their mouths. It's to be hoped you'll keep your hands steady to-morrow, Bags; the fight's the thing that'll show what sort of stuff you're made of. It's one thing drumming in camp, and another drumming on the battle-field, as it's likely you'll learn to your cost before a second sun goes down behind yonder old Blue Ridge."

AFTER THE BATTLE.

"Well, what do you think of our little drummer now?"

"What do I think? Why, I say there's not a better man among us all!"

"Considering all things, you might say there's not as good a one. Except our Colonel himself, I don't know a man who stood the raking fire of yesterday with the coolness of little Bags."

"Well, the Colonel noticed him, I can tell you that. But how could he help it? nothing, you know, escapes *him*. I heard him saying to Lieutenant Somers how right glad he was that the boy came by no hurt—that it would have troubled him more than a little if he'd been brought down. Well, and so it would me, and some of the rest of us, perhaps. Give the devil his due all the world over, say I! I'm done joking at little Bags from this time out, and would do him a good turn if I could; not that I think it makes any difference to him though, for of all the independent chaps I ever came across that young Bags is the greatest."

IN THE COLONEL'S TENT.

It was true that Colonel H—— had noticed the little drummer. Indeed the remarkable coolness and self-possession of the boy, as displayed during the recent engagement, together with his habitual reserve and taciturnity, so singular in one of his years; his orderly conduct and his fond devotion to his drum—the only companion (with exception of a few well-worn books over which he was sometimes seen to pore) in which he took delight—had attracted no little attention among the officers of the regiment, as well as the men. The interest awakened in Colonel H—— aroused the desire to know something more of him, and it was with this object that the evening following the foregone dialogue he directed the little drummer should be sent to his tent.

Bags came, his drum on his breast, and the sticks in his hand; for he had been busy with them when summoned to his Colonel's presence, and had not staid to disencumber himself of these implements of his office. As he entered the tent the Colonel, who was sitting by the table where he had been writing, shaded his eyes from the light for a better view of the little fellow, who paused just within the entrance and made his best military salute. His cap withdrawn displayed to view a profusion of short, thick curls, whose dark hue was in good keeping with the sun-burned tint of his face; but the expression of gravity and thoughtfulness—evidently habitual—on every feature was strangely out of keeping with the rounded cheeks and dimpled chin. It was a look altogether at variance with his years—it was that of the *boy* prematurely taught the self-reliance of the *man*.

Colonel H—— could not have well defined his own feelings at that moment. Was it but natural pity for the child who lived so solitary a life in that crowded camp, or some mysterious sympathy that so strangely aroused him, and awakened in his own lonely breast the wish to draw toward itself the apparently friendless boy? Whatever it was it kept him for a while silently regarding the curious figure of the little drummer. "Come forward, my lad," he then said, "I wish to have some conversation with you." Bags advanced a step or two, and this brought him directly before the Colonel, where he stood, his eyes fixed gravely upon those of the officer, his countenance betraying neither surprise nor embarrassment under the novel position in which he found himself.

"I have sent for you to say how much I am pleased with your conduct of yesterday, which was more commendable from the fact that you are unusually young and small for your position," continued the Colonel.

"Thank you, Colonel; I only did my duty, Sir. I'm big enough for that, though I am small."

"You might have the wish without the ability, my boy. Were you not alarmed when the engagement opened?"

"I might have been, Sir, if I'd let myself think about it; but I kept my mind steady to my drum. I'd gone in to play for the men—it was that I volunteered for—so I said to myself, 'Don't trouble yourself about what don't concern you, Bags, but do your duty, and *stand by the ship*.'"

"'Stand by the ship?' why that's sailor's talk," said the Colonel, too considerate for Bags's feelings to let his countenance betray his inward amusement at this quaint reply.

"It's a very good saying, Sir," rejoined little Bags.

"That it is, and I'm pleased to find you can make so proper an application of it. Let the same rule guide you in your duties through life, and you will gain the love and respect of all good men."

"Yes, Sir; that's what Father Jack told me when he taught me to say, 'Stand by the ship.'"

"Father Jack? Your father was a sailor, then?"

"No, Sir; I never had a father. Father Jack was the sailor who brought me up."

"Never had a father: poor boy!" said the Colonel to himself; then to Bags. "Ah! Father Jack was the sailor who brought you up—I understand. But come, tell me your story; I feel inclined to befriend you, my boy."

"Very much obliged to you, Sir; but I have no story to tell."

"I mean that you should tell me all you know of yourself; where you were born—where, how, and with whom you have lived, and so on."

"Yes, Sir; I can do that. I was born at sea."

"Born at sea, were you? Well that is a very good commencement for your story. Your life so begun has doubtless had a good many changes and hardships, even at your early years!"

"No, Sir, I've had no hardships," replied Bags, simply. "I've always had a pretty good time of it. It was a great thing for me to have a good man like Father Jack to take care of me when I was a baby, and on shipboard too, for my mother died when I was only a week old."

"That was sad, indeed! But how did Father Jack manage with you? I should think he could scarcely prove so good a nurse as a babe of such tender age must require."

"Oh! he did very well with me, Sir; he fed me on goat's milk, and kept me in a bag, swung from the deck joist over his hammock. Being in the bag kept me very easy, for I swung with the ship, and as I was out of harm's way he could leave me alone for hours. It was because of the bag that he called me *Bags*, Sir."

"But you certainly have another name than Bags?"

"No, Sir; Father Jack said it would do very well alone till I found my other father, who, of course, would have a name ready for me."

"Then you expect to find your real father, do you? But you must explain to me how this is; you know you are to tell me all you know of yourself."

"Yes, Sir. I'll have to tell you the first as I heard it from Father Jack. My mother sailed from France in a merchant ship for Boston, where my father was living. But when the ship was well out to sea a great storm rose and drove her on rocks, where she split and filled, and all hands had to take to the boats. They had a terrible time of it, for the storm kept up a long while, and beat them about so dreadfully that they quite gave themselves up for lost. But at last they were taken up by a ship bound with a cargo for Liverpool. The captain and sailors were very kind to them, and gave them clothes, and some money, too; for they had lost every thing in the wreck but the clothes they had on. They got safe to Liverpool; but my mother wouldn't stay there any time, though she was quite sick with all she'd gone through, because she wanted so badly to get to this country; so she soon after took passage in another merchant ship just going to sail for New York. She was the only woman on board, so there was only the doctor and the sailors to take care of her when she got worse, as she did soon after the ship sailed. This was the ship Father Jack was sailor in, and he pitied her very much, and did all he could for her. But the doctor said from the first that she'd never live through it; and he was right, for she died when I was just eight days old. Nobody knew what to do with me then, and they all thought I was certain to die—that is, all but Father Jack; so when he begged to have me, the doctor said to them, 'Let him try his hand if he's a mind to; but it's of no use, for the little one's sure to go overboard after its mother.' But this time the doctor was *wrong*, for Father Jack did very well with me, and brought me safe in the bag to New York. Then he wanted to find my father for me, but didn't know how to go about it. Nobody in the ship's company knew my mother's name; for after they'd sailed the captain found there'd been a wrong one put down in the ship's book for her, and he'd quite forgot what she told him the right one was. But Father Jack wasn't much troubled about this, because he knew he could take care of me till things came straight, and as he'd soon be taking another trip to Liverpool, he'd there find out all he wanted to know. So he kept me with him in a family where he always made his home in New York, and he left me there when he went to sea again. But he could find out nothing more about my mother, after all; for by the time he got to Liverpool the crew of the wrecked ship were all scattered, and as to the captain, he'd taken the loss of his ship and cargo so hard that, after going through with all the trouble in the boats, the very first night he found himself safe in the other ship he jumped overboard and drowned himself. Father Jack went to sea a good many times after that. The last time he went I was just nine years old, and he made me a birthday present the day before he sailed. I think more of that present than any one he ever gave me, Sir; for it was the last—he never came back again."

"He never came back? And how was that?"

"He died aboard ship of a fever, Sir," replied little Bags, one big tear rolling slowly down each cheek.

"And so you lost your kind friend! And what did you do after that?"

"Father Jack 'd done all he could to make the way easy for me, Sir: he'd put me to a free school when I was seven, and paid my board a whole year in advance before he left. So I had a fair start when I turned to help myself, as I did right off."

"But what were you able to do?"

"No great things, Sir, but a good many little things, that helped along. I swept out gentlemen's stores and offices, and went errands for them, and things like that. Nobody liked much to begin with me because I was so small, but after a while they found I got along well enough."

"And what became of your school during this time?"

"I went to school all the same, Sir. I got through with a good many jobs before nine in the morning, and after school let out I had plenty of time for a little more work, besides learning my lessons. I wouldn't give up the school, Sir, because Father Jack thought so much of having me taught. He said I must learn all I could, that when my father came along he might not find me a poor ignorant boy. For he always knew my father must come by me one day or other; he said it was a thing sure to happen."

"And do you, too, expect this?"

"Oh yes, Sir," replied Bags, very confidently. "Father Jack said so, and he knew. He often said to me, 'Be honest and do your duty, and you have nothing to fear; and when your father comes along you can say to him without a lie, "Father, I may be poor and rough, but I've always been an honest boy and *stood by the ship*, so you needn't be ashamed of me."' See, Sir, I could never forget those words after this." And dropping cap and sticks, Bags bared his little arm, and exhibited to the Colonel the figure of a ship in full sail, with Father Jack's favorite motto beneath, the whole pricked into the skin with Indian ink in the manner common with sailors. Having duly inspected this neat piece of handiwork, said the Colonel:

"No, you could never forget those words; for, like a wise and good man, Father Jack was careful to mark them indelibly on your heart as on your arm."

"He did, Sir," responded little Bags.

"But you have yet to explain to me how you came to be drummer to the Twenty ——th."

"I can soon tell you that, Sir. When I was twelve I left school and went on to Chicago with a gentleman in the bookbinding business there, and apprenticed myself to him. I'd been with him nearly two years when the war broke out. A good many of our hands volunteered, and I wished very much that I were old enough to volunteer, too. I was sure if I'd been a little bigger, and Father Jack was there, he'd say, 'Go and fight for your country, Bags—for the old Stars and Stripes—that's the *ship* you've to stand by now!' One day—it was after the three months' men had come home—I was passing by a recruiting office. Some men were just going in, so I went in too. I heard them say they wanted a drummer for a regiment just about to leave for Virginia; so I stepped up and told them I'd like to volunteer for the place. Some of them laughed, because I was so little; but a big man—*the very biggest of them all*—didn't laugh at all, but said to me, 'Show us what you can do, my lad.' So they brought me a drum, and I beat it for them. Then the big man said he thought I'd do well enough; so I agreed right off to be drummer to the Twenty ——th."

The Colonel was now silent for a while. He was turning over in his mind different projects for befriending little Bags. "Without your father's name, or some more definite information than you have, how do you think it possible he will ever find you?" he then asked.

"I don't know, Sir; but I'm sure he'll do it somehow. Father Jack always said we'd come together one day or other, in God's own time." It was plain to be seen that on this point little Bags's faith was too strong to be shaken by argument. Said the Colonel to himself, "The boy will live and die in the hope; but it is a happy delusion, and one that will do him no harm." "My father 'll be sure to know I'm the right boy when he *does* find me," presently continued little Bags, "for I've something to show him that was my mother's. See, Sir, here it is;" and he drew forth a little canvas-bag sewed closely all round, and suspended from his neck by a string. "In this is a pretty bracelet that my mother always wore on her arm, and that Father Jack took off after she died to keep for me. He showed it to me once—it was the day before he sailed for the last time—but he said if he shouldn't come back it must never be opened again till I found my father, and that I must always wear it in this way about my neck that it might be safe."

"Ah! a bracelet, did you say!" suddenly exclaimed the Colonel, "Let me have it—I must see it at once!" But little Bags drew a step back. "I'm very sorry, Sir," he said, "but indeed Father Jack told me—" "Depend on it, were he here he would bid you comply with my wish," hastily interrupted the Colonel, his hand trembling perceptibly as he reached it forth toward the little wallet. With both his clasped round it Bags stood for a moment or so gazing inquiringly into the Colonel's face, then, slipping the string over his head, he silently yielded up his treasure.

To rip open the canvas with his knife and draw forth the bracelet took the Colonel but a moment. The ornament was of peculiar style and workmanship, and consisted of short braids of woven hair connected by links of gold, and fastened with a large gold locket. The countenance of Colonel H—— betrayed increasing emotion as he turned the bracelet round upon his finger, and attentively examined it. Then, making a powerful effort to speak with composure, he said: "*I think I know this bracelet.* If it be as I hope—as I believe—within this locket we shall find two names, and the date *August* 10, 1848. The names *Eugénie* and *Cecil*—the surnames of both the same, for the bracelet was a parting gift from husband to wife."

The locket opened with a spring—a secret that Father Jack had very naturally failed to discover—and at a touch of the Colonel's finger the lid flew back. One moment sufficed for an eager look within, the next, with tears gushing from his eyes as he exclaimed, "My son! my son!" he clasped the little drummer to his breast!

In the first year of his marriage—between fourteen and fifteen years back—Colonel H——, then a merchant of Boston, had, with his wife, accompanied her mother to the south of France, of which country the latter was a native. The health of Mrs. Grayson, for the benefit of which this change of climate was made, did not, however, improve; on the contrary, when Mr. H—— was some months later unexpectedly recalled to Boston by the sudden death of his business-partner there, he was obliged to go alone, leaving his wife in attendance upon what was, to all appearance, her mother's death-bed. It was but a few months later that a letter from Mrs. H—— informed him that her mother was no more, and that, according to arrangement, she was hastening to join him, having taken passage in the *E*——, which was to sail in a week. The *E*—— arrived, but Mrs. H—— was not on board. The passenger who occupied the stateroom she had engaged brought a letter to the expectant husband, explaining how an accident, though not one of a very serious nature, had detained her in Havre; but she expected to be fit for the voyage in a week's time at farthest, and he might look for her in the next steamer. This was the last positive information Mr. H—— ever received of his wife. Vainly he made inquiries of arriving vessels, and as vainly wrote letter after letter by those that left for Havre. In increasing anxiety he finally sailed for the French port, but there, to his infinite alarm, could gather no trace of her. She had been a stranger in the city, and during her brief sojourn there, overwhelmed by grief at the recent death of her mother, she had lived in her hotel in strict seclusion. The impression seemed to have been generally received that she had sailed for the United States, but beyond this no inquiries, though widely extended and long continued, elicited any information concerning her movements.

The victim of doubts and griefs which were at times almost too much for his reason, Mr. H—— strove in vain to refix his mind upon his business affairs. A tormenting craving for change beset him. He passed year after year in European countries, engaged in such different pursuits as his restless energies led him for the time to seize upon. The Crimean war first awakened his military ardor, and, attached to the staff of a distinguished French officer, he plunged into its vortex with a zeal and reckless daring which found few equals.

Years later, when he brought to his own country's cause the experience so gained, he little dreamed that, guided by the hand of Providence, he was going to meet the solution of that fearful mystery which for fourteen years had hung around the fate of his young wife. Or that he was about to prove how God in his mercy had yet spared to him a precious link with the life so lost and mourned!

Had any one predicted for little Bags that he would cry when he found his father he would have thought it quite impossible. Yet tears were now flowing freely down his cheeks. As soon as those would permit him to speak, looking up to the Colonel's face with glistening eyes, he said, "Father, you've found me at last, just as Father Jack always said you would; and you are a great gentleman, and a great colonel, while I'm only a poor drummer! But indeed I've never forgotten what Father Jack told me; I've been an honest boy, and tried my best to do what was right—you won't be ashamed of me, father?"

"Ashamed of you, my son! No, I am proud of you!" said his father, clasping him yet closer in his arms; "nor, from this hour forth, shall I fail to thank God, night and morning, for bringing you to my heart, and bringing you just as you are!"

One other consideration embarrassed little Bags; and concerning this also, he lost no time in consulting his newly-found parent. He had an intuitive perception of the unfitness of the *Colonel's son* remaining in the humble position of *drummer* to the regiment; yet his high sense of duty revolted at the bare thought of deserting his post. He had volunteered for three years—surely he must keep to his word—he must *stand by the ship!* Could he turn recreant and leave the Twenty——th without a drummer!

MANHATTAN: OUR ISLAND EMPRESS.

A POEM DELIVERED BEFORE THE COMMON COUNCIL OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, AT THEIR CELEBRATION OF THE 86TH ANNIVERSARY OF OUR NATIONAL INDEPENDENCE, COOPER INSTITUTE, JULY 4, 1862.

BY A. J. H. DUGANNE.

Where the River of the Mountains[1]
Weds the River of the East,
Sits enthroned our Island Empress,
Diadem'd and golden-fleeced;
And, like Argonauts of Jason,[2]
With their white sails gently furl'd,
At her feet, from storms reposing,
Lie the ships of all the world.

Proudly smiles our Island Empress,
Throned upon Manhattan's strands,
Weaving woofs of Golden Fleeces
With her soft and shining hands.
Back and forth she plies her shuttles,
O'er the land and o'er the main—
Iron ships that cleave the ocean,
Iron cars that scour the plain!

All the world her wondrous fabric,
Warp and woof she softly weaves,
From the Merchant's Golden Fleeces
And the Farmer's Golden Sheaves.
Back and forth she plies her shuttles,
And the webs that leave her loom
Are the radiant robes of Commerce
And the fruits of Harvest-bloom!

Piled within her granite warerooms,
Flashing from her marble marts,
Here abide the Freights of Nations,
Lofty works and marvelous arts:
From the furrows of the ocean,
From the furrows of the soil—
Golden harvests, ripening always
Out of iron seeds of Toil.

And she sits enthroned upon them,
Gathering still, with shining hands,
All the world more closely round her,
Woven in traffic's golden bands.
And as tides are drawn through ocean
By the moon's imperial smile,
Tide-like flows the wealth of nations
Round about Manhattan's Isle!

Wealth of loom and wealth of garner,
Wealth of mountain and of mine,
Wealth of Wisdom, wealth of Manhood,
Wealth of Liberty divine!
All that Man may glean from Nature,
All that Heaven hath given to Earth,
Freedom yields our Island Empress,
Throned upon Manhattan's girth.

And as blows the tireless Trade-wind,
Freedom's breath goes outward still;
And as flows the circling Gulf-Stream,
Round the world her currents thrill:
Wafting seeds of Life and Manhood—
Bearing goodlier freights than gold—
From the gardens of the New World
To the deserts of the Old.

Old Manhattan! brave Manhattan!
Many a deed thy minstrels chant,
Done by all thy sturdy burghers
Since the times of Stuyvesant![3]
In the grand old days of "Liberty Boys!"
The days of "Golden Hill!"[4]
God be thanked! the pulse of Freedom
Throbs through Old Manhattan still!

Here, upon the ancient "Commons"[5]—
There, beside the olden piers—
Walked the feet of stout M'Dougal,[6]
Schuyler bold, and gallant Sears:
Here were Hamilton and Clinton,
Here were Livingston and Jay!
God be thanked! they have not left us—
Here their spirits walk to-day!

And I feel their gracious Presence,
As if flags were fluttering o'er;
And I hear Manhattan's burghers
Answering grandly, as of yore,
When George Washington invoked them
From their homes and from their marts,
And the new-born "Declaration"
Sang its Gospel through their hearts![7]

When the marching tramp of freemen
Shook the air with stormy beat,
And they trod King George's image
Underneath their rushing feet:
Underneath their marching columns
Tramped his likeness and his laws,
While the statue of their tyrant
Gave them bullets for their Cause![8]

These the deeds of Old Manhattan—
Voices, like a bugle-blast,
Sounding, as through mountain gorges,
Challenge from the Loyal Past!
And we heard them rolling round us
In the hour of Freedom's need,
Till our hearts, like echoes, answered,
Word for word, and deed for deed!

Answered, as on ancient "Commons,"
Answered, as on "Golden Hill,"
Twice one hundred thousand freemen
Touched as with electric thrill;
Answered, with Manhattan's treasures
Piled upon the Union's shrine;
Answered, with Manhattan's life-blood
Poured like sacrificial wine!

Loftier waved the flags of Freedom,
Louder rolled the Union drums,
When the inspiring shout went upward,
"Old Manhattan's army comes!"
Washington once more invoked us,
And we rose in columns grand,
Marching round the "Flag of Sumter,"
Grasped within his sculptured hand![9]

When the myriads of Manhattan
Shook the earth with martial tramp,
And she kissed her noblest children,
Hurrying down to Freedom's camp;
And the sundered coils of Treason
Writhed upon her loyal shore
When she flung her gallant "Seventh"
In the scales of righteous war.[10]

Gallant "Seventh!" loyal "Seventh!"
Theirs to lead Manhattan's van—
Answering to the Union roll-call
Fresh-lipped youth and bearded man!
One farewell to tearful kindred—
One fond prayer for boyhood's home—
And they leaped to plant their banners
On the Capitolian dome![11]

Dumb be he whose lips belie them!
Freedom's first Prætorian Guard;[12]
Theirs to strike Manhattan's key-note,
When the Harp of Stars lay jarred.
Would ye hear their latest drum-beat?
Would ye track their latest tread?
Go where loyal graves lie foremost—
There the "Seventh" claims her dead.[13]

Banners streaming, bayonets gleaming,
Hearts upheld by manly faith—
Here the stalwart Sixth advances,
There, behold! the veteran Eighth!
Marching onward—marching vanward—
Southward like a storm they burst!
Here the Ninth and Twelfth are charging;
Yonder wheels the Seventy-First!

Still the fluttering pulse of Vosburgh[14]
Thrills the ranks he loved to lead;
Still the generous heart of Winthrop[15]
Throbs where'er his comrades bleed;
Still the battle-cry of Ellsworth[16]
Breaks along the charging lines;
And the dying shout of Riker
Surges from the Seven Pines![17]

And I hear the angry clangor—
Hear the stern and wild accords—
Crashing from the Harp of Ireland,
Struck by Freedom's battle-swords!
Hear the Sixty-Ninth's dread slogan,
Rending clouds of blood-red smoke,
When the flash of Erin's Sun-Burst
Through the mist of Bull Run broke![18]

When the Celt and Saxon, mingling,
Kissed and died on Glory's bed;
And the green sod waved with heather—
Ireland's green and Scotia's red—
When the noble feet of Haggerty
Trod with Cameron Freedom's plains,
And the faithful soul of Corcoran
King-like walked in rebel chains![19]

Scotland's Thistle—Ireland's Shamrock—
Bloom for us with crimson flowers;
And o'er all the roar of battle
Gallia's eagle screams with ours.
Roman "*Viva!*" German "*Forwarts!*"[20]
Mingle with our own huzzas;
And the Hungarian answers "*Eljen!*
Eljen! for the Flag of Stars!"[21]

Still where'er the brave are summon'd,
There Manhattan's heroes march;
Freedom weaves their laurel chaplets,
Union builds their triumph-arch!
Here they clustered, here they mustered,
Hurrying forth to Danger's van:
Merchant, sailor, student, toiler,
All who bore the stamp of Man.

Still where'er the clouds are darkest,
There Manhattan's legions form,
And the life-blood of her martyrs
Flings its Rainbow o'er the storm.
Still in sacrifice for Freedom,
Hero-souls to God are given;
Mounting from the Camps of Conflict
Upward to the Stars of Heaven.[22]

By the grand and lordly highlands,
By the broad and breezy plain,
Rolls the River of the Mountains
Downward to the sounding main;
Streaming, like our glorious banner,
Outward to the ocean's bars—
Purple-waved beneath the noonday,
And at midnight bright with stars!

Far away, in clouds and darkness,
Roars Atlantic's stormful waste;
By its giant tides encircling
Half the wondrous world embraced!
Far away its voiceful billows
Thunder on the opposing strand;
There, it guards the Old World nations,
Here, it shields my Native Land.

Land of grandeur! land of glory!
Fresh from Nature's throbbing breast!
Over all the world-wide countries
Thee the Almighty One hath bless'd!
Beauty robes thy smiling prairies,
Power encrowns thy mountains grand,
Plenty laughs along thy rivers—
God is with my Native Land!

God was with thee in thy childhood,
And he walks before thee now;
'Tis the reflex of His splendor
That is burning on thy brow!
States, in all the Past, have moulded
Hero, patriarch, saint, and sage;
But their proud historic records
Pale before thy simple page.

Moving slow, like sceptral phantoms,
Nations pass in solemn line;
But in all their stately pageants
Walks no country like to mine.
Upward from the years and cycles
Many a hero-chieftain towers;
But through all the realms of ages
Walks no Washington but ours!

Thou, my Native Land! unmated,
Tread'st the Future's shining ways;
Following far, the wondering peoples
Mark thy vanward glories blaze;
Mark where Man asserts his birthright,
Mark the strength of Freedom's charm,
Mark the Toiler, proudly standing
Monarch of his own right arm!

By the Loom, the Plow, the Anvil,
Freedom's sons like princes tower;
Theirs the throne and crown of Manhood—
Kings can claim no nobler dower.
Rude their garb and rude their labor,
But their strength the world controls;
And through all the gates of triumph
Still they walk with sceptred souls.

Here the Toiler toils unbranded,
Here the Poor Man feels no shame;
For he knows the lowliest fortune
Upward treads to loftiest fame;
For he dwells where limbs are chainless,
Where the grandest heights of earth
May be scaled, with brave aspirings,
By the child of humblest birth.

Where the dark primeval forest
Glooms around like shades of night,
There the young Backwoodsman opens
With his axe the gates of light.
And the Intellect of Labor,
Clasping Honor's guiding hand,
Climbs aloft with Abraham Lincoln,
Rules with him our glorious land.

Type of Freedom's highest Manhood,
And the Genius of her soil,
Stands to-day this brave Backwoodsman,
Representative of Toil.[23]
And the Lesson of his Greatness,
Writ in Faith and Hope sublime,
Tells the humblest of the People
How to triumph he may climb.

And the Nations, following sunward,
O'er Atlantic's stormy deep,
May behold this Chosen People
In the Lord Jehovah's keep;
May behold how loyal Manhood
Up to royal grandeur springs—
Where the realms are fields of Labor,
And the Toilers are the Kings.

Though the blood-red forge of battle
Roars with fierce Rebellion's blast,
And the Gold and Iron of Union
In the stormy blaze are cast—
Though the strokes of War's dread hammers
Shake the anvil of our strength—
Out of all the Gold and Iron
God will shape His Work at length.

In the blaze of War's red forges
Old King George's graven crown
Yielded Iron and Gold for Freedom
When Manhattan cast it down.
In the blaze of War's red forges
Manhood's gain is Tyrant's loss;
All our purest ores are Freedom's—
All that are not hers are dross.

Old Manhattan! Island Empress!
Thine the sceptre—thine the throne!
In thy womb are Freedom's armies—
Freedom's navies clasp thy zone!
Thine the Iron and Gold of Ages,
Mined from all the wondrous Past;
Union's Gold and Freedom's Iron—
Fear not! God will weld them fast!

In the fiery trial of Conflict
Freedom proves her purest ore;
And the bonds of Peace are welded
Underneath the blows of War.
From the Iron and Gold of Armies,
From the broken links of Wrong,
God will weld His Work together—
God will make the Union strong!

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[1] The Hudson River was known to the early settlers of Manhattan Island as the *Rio de Montagnes*.

[2] The "Argonauts," companions of Jason, who sailed in quest of the "Golden Fleece," composed the first naval force on record—their flag-ship, the *Argo*, being the first war vessel of which we have any account. In comparing our Empire City, Manhattan, to the Colchian princess, who made the fortunes of her Argonautic visitors, I trust the day will never come when *our* Island Empress shall be betrayed, like Medea, or goaded by ingratitude to the destruction of her own offspring.

[3] Petrus Stuyvesant was the last Dutch Governor of New Amsterdam and Manhattan Island.

[4] The "Liberty Boys" composed a notable patriotic organization of Revolutionary days, and their exploits in New York furnish stirring episodes of "the times that tried men's souls." The battles of "Golden Hill" were conflicts between patriotic citizens and sailors of New York on one side, and British soldiers (who had cut down a "Liberty-Tree") on the other. The engagements took place January 20 and 21, 1770, on an eminence of the present John Street, between William and Cliff streets. The troops were driven to their barracks by the "Liberty Boys."

[5] The "Commons" occupied the site of our "Park."

[6] Alexander M'Dougal, afterward a Major-General of the Revolutionary War, was the author of a patriotic address to the citizens, entitled, "A Son of Liberty to the Betrayed Inhabitants of the Colony," for which he was thrown into prison by the British authorities. His bold rebukes of oppression made him an idol of the people, and he presided at "the great meeting in the fields," July 6, 1764. George Clinton, afterward Governor, and Philip Schuyler, subsequently a Major-General, sustained M'Dougal in his contest with British tyranny. Isaac Sears was one of the master-spirits of those days, always on the alert against Tories. Alexander Hamilton, at that time a youth of seventeen years, made his maiden speech at "the great meeting in the fields"—one of the first "mass" gatherings of New York's "fierce democracie." Livingston and Jay were members of the Provisional Committee of a "Hundred Patriots."

[7] On the 10th of July, 1776, news of the signing in Congress of the "Declaration of Independence" reached New York. Orders were directly issued to the brigades then in our city to muster on the "Commons" at six o'clock P.M. The soldiers formed a hollow square, within which was Washington on horseback, with his staff, on the spot where now stands the Park fountain. The people gathered in masses around, and the "Declaration" was then read to the immense auditory.

[8] After the reading of the "Declaration," the excited populace rushed to the City Hall, and tearing the portrait of George III. from its frame, trampled it underfoot. They then marched in a body to the Bowling Green, hurled the image of King George from its pedestal, and dragged it by its neck through the streets. The statue (an equestrian one) was then sent to Litchfield, to the residence of Oliver Walcott, Governor of Connecticut, by whose wife and daughters its lead was run into bullets. Forty-two thousand musket-balls were made from it, and four hundred British soldiers were killed by as many of these balls when Connecticut was invaded by Governor Tryon. The saddle-cloth of the statue is still preserved, with other revolutionary relics, at the Museum Hotel, West Broadway.

[9] At the first great Union War Meeting, assembled on the 19th of April, 1861, at Union Square, the "Flag of Sumter," just brought to the city by the defender of the fort, Major Anderson, was exhibited to the people. It was placed in the "sculptured hand" of the bronze equestrian statue of Washington which stands in the Square.

[10] The prompt and loyal response of the Seventh Regiment, New York State Militia, to the President's first call for volunteers gave an instant and decided impulse to the Union spirit of New York city, and frowned down all hopes of traitors in our midst, who had, it was believed, counted largely on partisan divisions among the local military. Hesitation at that crisis might have emboldened sympathizers with the South to attempt a diversion; but the unanimous enthusiasm of the Seventh, and the subsequent patriotic promptitude of the Sixty-Ninth (whose ranks had likewise been relied upon by disloyal politicians), completely overawed whatever treason might have been lurking for a spring. Honor, then, to the representative militia of Manhattan, who, in the Cause of Our Union, recognize no prejudices of party, rank, race, or religion!

[11] The Seventh Regiment, while at Washington, were quartered at the Capitol buildings. They returned after a month's service, having been relieved by reinforcements.

[12] To the "Prætorian Guard" of the Roman Commonwealth was intrusted the defense of the capital.

[13] A large majority of the brave men who composed the Seventh Regiment at the outbreak of hostilities have since distinguished themselves in other regiments as officers and privates, shedding their blood on all our battle-fields. The regiment itself re-volunteered and marched to the seat of war in 1862.

[14] Colonel Vosburgh, of the Seventy-First, was among the first to report for duty with his gallant regiment. His labors hurried him to an untimely death, in camp, at our national capital.

[15] Major Theodore Winthrop, a brilliant scholar and writer, was killed at the battle of Big Bethel, June 10, 1861. He had been a member of the Seventh Regiment, New York State Militia, and at the time of his death was military secretary to General Butler.

[16] The cry of "Remember Ellsworth!" has often carried dismay to the enemy when shouted in the front of battles by his sworn "Avengers."

[17] Colonel J. L. Riker, of the "Anderson Zouaves," fell while leading a charge of his brave regiment at the battle of "Seven Pines" ("Fairoaks"), in June, 1862.

[18] The Sixty-Ninth (Irish) Regiment was distinguished for obstinate fighting at the battle of Manassas or "Bull Run." The Irish national banner, to which allusion is here made, bears the emblem of a sun rising over a green field, and is known as the Galgrena, or "Sun-Burst."

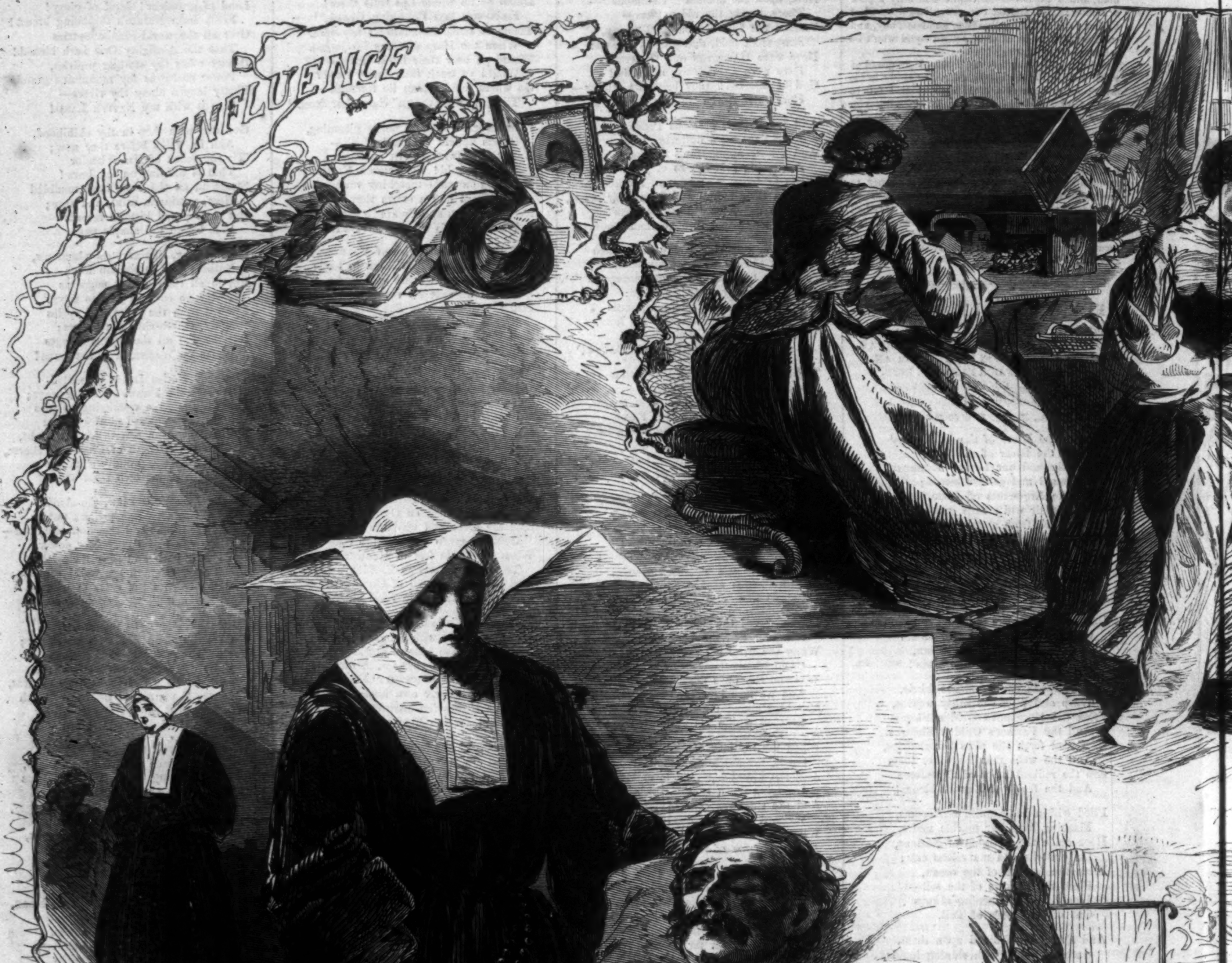
[19] Major Haggerty, of the Sixty-Ninth Regiment, and Colonel Cameron, of the Seventy-Ninth (New York "Highlanders"), were slain at the battle of Bull Run. The manly endurance of Colonel Corcoran, of the Sixty-Ninth, who was made prisoner by the enemy on that disastrous field, is familiar to all.

[20] The Seventy-Ninth Regiment (Scotch), Sixty-Ninth and Brigade (Irish), Fifty-Fifth, "Lafayette Guard" (French), "Garibaldi Guard" (Italian), and several German regiments were among the contributions of New York city to the War for our Union.

[21] "*Eljen!*" is equivalent to the French "*Vive!*" or "Long Live!"

[22] "*Ab Castra ad Astra*"—"From the Camp to the Stars."

[23] Never was a grander destiny confided to human fortitude than that which, at the present time, seems to involve the triumph of Abraham Lincoln with that of Democratic Liberty itself. God chooses His Workmen, and He will complete His Work in His own way and His own time.


THE INFLUENCE
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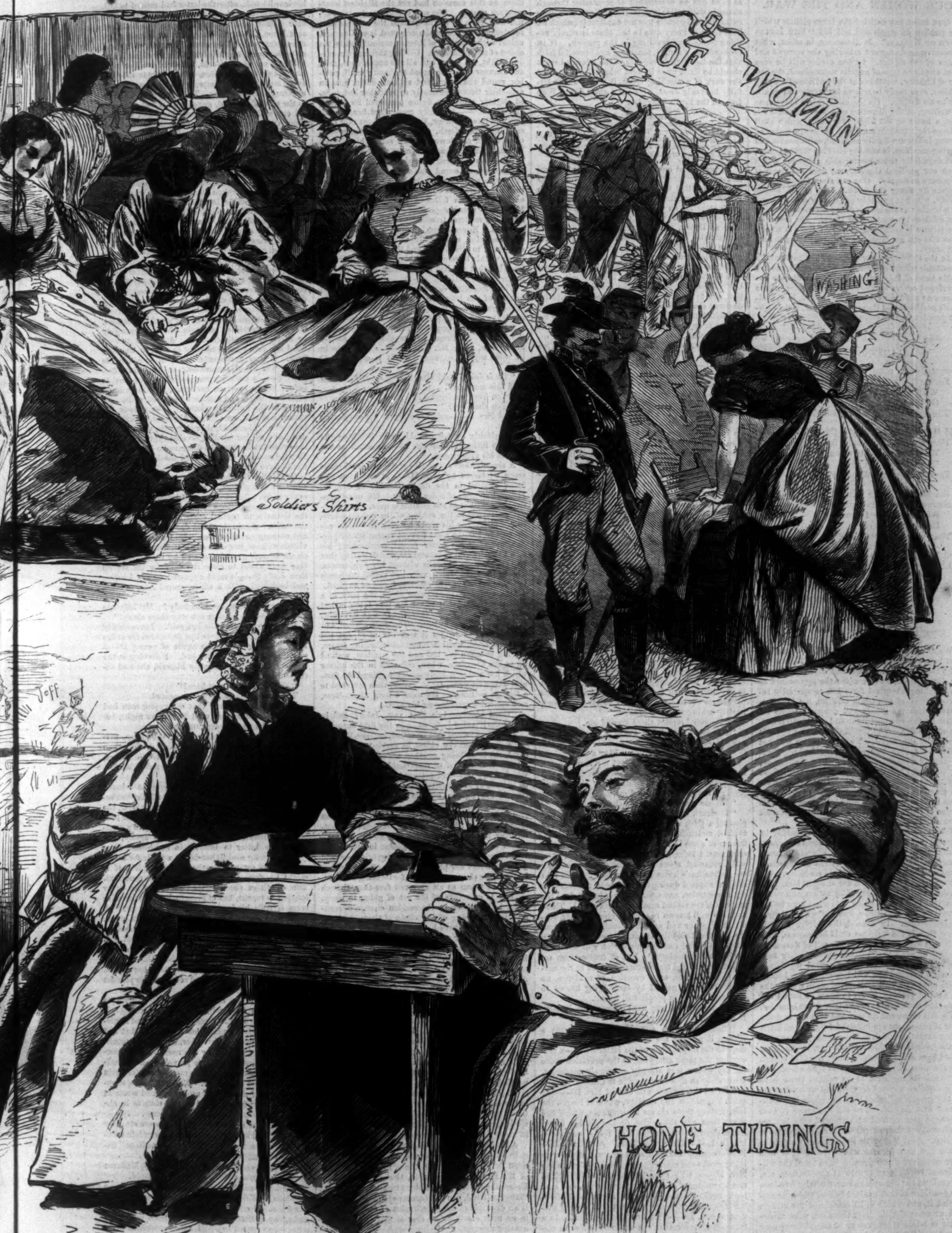
OUR WOMEN AND TH


OF WOMAN
Soldiers Shirts
WASHING
Jeff
HOME TIDINGS

THE WAR,—[See Page 570.]

OUR WOMEN AND THE WAR.

Our artist has entitled the large picture which we publish on pages 568 and 569 "The Influence of Woman." It illustrates, in effect, what women may do toward relieving the sorrows and pains of the soldier. In one corner will be seen that exquisite type of angelic womanhood, the Sister of Charity, watching at the bedside of a dying soldier, ever ready to relieve his wants and minister to his desires. On the other side a lady-nurse is writing, at the dictation of a poor wounded fellow, a letter to the friends far away, which shall relieve their terrible anxiety. Above, a group of young ladies are busily engaged, with needle and sewing-machine, in making clothing for the troops, and especially those comfortable garments which even our prodigal Government does not deem it necessary to supply. One can almost see the fairy fingers fly along the work. Last of all, honest Biddy, who has probably got a lover or a husband or a brother at the war, is doing her part in helping the soldiers by washing for them. The moral of the picture is sufficiently obvious; there is no woman who can not in some way do something to help the army.

In the Crimean war glory and fame awaited the charitable efforts of Florence Nightingale and her noble band of lady nurses. This war of ours has developed scores of Florence Nightingales, whose names no one knows, but whose reward, in the soldier's gratitude and Heaven's approval, is the highest guerdon woman can ever win.

BATON ROUGE.

Baton Rouge must be taken!
Forward, my boys, and be steady!
We'll snatch from the hand
Of the rebel band
The home of old "Rough and Ready!"

Old "Rough and Ready"—(bless him!)—
How the cowards would flee before him!
We'll strike in his name,
'Twill be all the same,
For the flag that floated o'er him.

If the hero of Buena Vista
Knows our country's present story,
With what joy I ween
He must have seen
That victory of "Old Glory!"

And Williams, who led the way,
Like a patriot, calm and steady—
How he must have cried
With a soldier's pride
When he joined old "Rough and Ready!"

STRANGE AND YET TRUE.

When the evening lamps are lighted, or, rather, just before that operation—say in the little interval which follows the retirement of the ladies from the dining-room, and precedes the appearance of the laughing, skeptical faces left temporarily below—a grain of ghost-talk mingles, not inharmoniously, with the gentle and domestic topics invoked by the subdued light and confidential feeling of the hour. The treatment of the subject is necessarily superficial. Twenty minutes will not suffice for a dive into philosophic deeps. Facts are simply adduced. Theme and proposition are laid bare, and left so for any after-manipulations profounder thinkers please. Nevertheless, from the pabulum (often exceedingly raw) supplied by these little conversations may be deduced a whole garden of thought worthy the attention of the most earnest sage.

Whatever be the cause, the fact will hardly be disputed that a taste for the supernatural has greatly augmented of late among the educated classes of society. It has, indeed, as might be expected, abandoned its ancient form of bald credulity. We neither believe in the ghost nor shoot at him. We require to know something of *his* nature who walks uninvited into our dwelling, and what may be his immediate business there, but not with rudeness nor intolerance. In a word, the indulgent spirit of the time is the welcome child of progress. As every age stamps itself upon the roll of time with the seal of some grand discovery—as every successive year reveals its half-suspected wonders—the mind becomes less and less inclined to impose limits upon that vast unexplored ocean which, like the natural horizon, seems to know no bound but God—and man, as he grows wiser, grows humbler.

To this improved feeling, and this better discipline of reason, we are indebted for many an interesting narrative which would else have never passed the bounds of a family circle; or, in doing so, would have at least been carefully denuded of such corroboration as name, place, and time afford. In the incidents hereafter to be related these have been supplied without scruple, and without desire for any greater reticence than the editor in his discretion may impose. The circumstances of each case have been verified with unusual care, because another object than simple curiosity suggested the inquiry. Still it may be proper to call attention to the fact that persons who have been, or who have conceived themselves to have been, the witnesses of so-called supernatural appearances, are, in recalling the occurrence, never wholly free from the dominion of that exalted feeling which accompanied it, and which is ill calculated for minute and accurate detail. He, therefore, who undertakes to relate a ghost story at second-hand may have the difficult task of rendering incoherences in such a manner as shall not bring down unjust doubt upon what is no less correct than clear.

To assist analysis, we must compare. To aid comparison, the least possible reserve should unite with the closest possible adherence to facts, so far as facts can be ascertained after passing through strongly susceptible imaginations. Even were these extra-natural occurrences not explicable (which we hold them in every case to be), there is surely nothing terrible or revolting in the pursuit. It is, for example, a simple, touching, and beautiful faith that the last earthly regards of the liberated spirit should be fixed upon its best beloved. If such be the work of a mocking spirit, it wears a wonderfully heavenly dress. "I am a ghost," says Wolfrau, in the Fool's Tragedy:

> Tremble not. Fear not me:
> The dead are ever good and innocent,
> And love the living. They are cheerful creatures—
> And quiet as the sunbeams—and most like,
> In grace, and patient love, and spotless beauty,
> The new-born of mankind.

To proceed at once to illustration, here are two instances of "intuition," both brief and true. The first is supplied by a gentleman well known in French literary circles, whom it induced to bestow much attention on that and kindred subjects.

In 1845 he was visiting a lady of his acquaintance at Rouen. They were engaged in earnest conversation on the subject of the future prospects of the lady's children, the youngest of whom—a girl of eighteen—sat working beside them. Suddenly the latter started from her seat with a loud shriek, and threw herself into her mother's arms. On being questioned as to the cause of her agitation, she pointed to a sofa, and, weeping bitterly, declared she had seen *descend* upon it the figure of her elder sister, Rosalie, then on a visit to some relations at or near Havre. The countenance of the phantom was pale and death-stricken. This occurred at four o'clock in the afternoon of the 17th September. Two days after tidings arrived that Rosalie L—— had been unhappily drowned in a boating excursion at Havre, at (it was affirmed) the precise moment of the appearance.

As another instance, here is a circumstance minutely related by Monsieur M——, a retired French officer, in a letter to a friend:

"Left an orphan at an early age, I was brought up under the care of a kind-hearted godmother, who could scarcely have cherished me more had I been her own offspring. She resided at Harfleur, and, being in easy circumstances, refused me nothing that could contribute to my youthful pleasure, keeping my pockets withal comfortably lined with that material which rendered my frequent visits to the Sunday fêtes in the neighborhood doubly agreeable. On one occasion I had started, as usual, in company with a band of young vagabonds like myself, to attend a fête at Quillebœuf, on the opposite side of the Seine.

"Contrary to my natural habit, I felt uneasy and depressed. An inexplicable feeling of gloom hung upon my mind, and neither my own efforts nor the raillery of my companions could drive it away. I had indeed left my good protectress confined by illness to her bed, but I was not aware that she was in any danger. However, the cloud upon my mind, far from dispersing, momentarily increased. If I joined as usual in the different sports, I was slow and unskillful; and in the war of wit that generally accompanied our games had not a word to say for myself. We had engaged in a match of skittles. It was my turn to deliver the ball, and I was standing, half pensively, poising it in my hand, when I distinctly heard a soft voice pronounce my name. I started, and turned round, hastily asking who had spoken.

"'Nobody,' replied those around me.

"I insisted that I had heard a woman's voice say 'M——.'

"'Bah! you're dreaming. Play away.'

"Hardly had the ball quitted my hand when a second time I heard my name pronounced in a soft and plaintive tone, but fainter than the former. Again I inquired who called me.

"No one present had heard the sound.

"It struck me that some one of the party was playing a trick upon me, in order to increase my evident melancholy. Nevertheless, under the influence of some impression caused by the plaintive summons, I refused to play any longer, and presently returned alone to Harfleur. On reaching my godmother's house I was shocked to learn that she had expired during the afternoon, pronouncing my name twice, and breathing her last sigh at the moment of the second summons I had heard. These facts are well known to some twelve or fifteen people at Harfleur and at Quillebœuf, most of whom are still (in 1854) living, and were *I* to live fifty years the sound and the impression will never depart from my memory." But of course these so-called "facts" had their common source in the narrator. Therefore, as a question of evidence, no corroboration is gained by their being known to the dozen or fifteen people still living.

The heroine of our next illustration is Mrs. D——, an English lady.

When, five years ago, Mrs. D—— became a widow, it pleased the brother of her husband to dispute the dispositions of the latter's will—a proceeding the more annoying as the provision made for the widow was already extremely moderate. Ultimately an appeal was made to Chancery. The suit lasted three years, and caused Mrs. D—— the utmost vexation and anxiety, when at length the law, finding those claims indisputable, which had never been any thing else, decided in her favor. Some short time after this Mrs. D—— was residing in L—— Place, Brighton. A friend, Miss F——, usually shared her bedroom. Both were lying awake one morning about eight o'clock, when Mrs. D——, with some surprise, saw her friend rise up suddenly in bed, clasp her hands, and sink back again on the pillow in a profound sleep. Strange as seemed the movement, it was so evident to Mrs. D—— that her friend was really in a tranquil slumber that she made no effort to disturb her. A minute elapsed, when the door quietly opened, and there seemed to enter a figure which she believed to be supernatural. She describes her feelings with great minuteness. She owned that, by nature, she was somewhat nervous, her impressions, as she afterward remembered them, on this occasion had not the slightest intermixture of fear. She was conscious of a reverential awe, such as might become the witness of a revelation overruling the accepted law of nature, united with a feeling of intense curiosity as to the object of the apparition. Gliding through the subdued light, the figure had all the appearance, gait, and manner of her deceased husband; until, passing round the room, and sinking down into an arm-chair that stood nearly opposite her bed, turned slightly aside, the figure presented its profile, and Mrs. D—— instantly recognized her connection and late opponent, Mr. W. D——, at that time residing in the North. No sooner had the mysterious visitor sat down than he raised his clasped hands, as in passionate entreaty; but though the spectral lips appeared to move, as in harmony with the gesture, no sound was audible. Three times the hands were lifted in the same earnest manner, then the figure rose and retired as it came. Some nervous reaction followed its disappearance, for Mrs. D——'s maid appearing a minute or two later, found her mistress trembling violently, and much agitated. Nevertheless, she quickly regained her self-possession, and calmly related what she had seen, both to Miss F—— and the maid, the former being unable to recall any thing unusual, and only knowing that she had fallen asleep again contrary to her own intention.

The succeeding day was cold and stormy, and neither of the friends quitted the house. In the evening some neighbors called. As they were taking leave one of the party suddenly inquired:

"By-the-by, have you had any recent news from the North? A rumor has reached us, I hardly know how, that Mr. W. D—— is dangerously ill, some say dying, even (but it is only report) *dead*."

"He *is* dead," said Mrs. D——, quietly. "He died this morning."

"You have a telegram?"

"You shall hear."

And Mrs. D—— told her story to her wondering friends.

As quickly as news could reach Brighton she received intimation of Mr. D——'s death at the hour of his appearance.

A singular and suggestive statement is, that the scene witnessed by Mrs. D—— at Brighton was being enacted in the death-chamber of Mr. W. D——, hundreds of miles distant. His mind wandered somewhat as the end drew near, but perpetually returned to the subject of the unhappy lawsuit. Mistaking his sister for Mrs. D——, he addressed to her the most fervent entreaties for pardon, avowing his bitter regret, condemning his own injustice and covetousness, and declaring that he could not die in peace without her forgiveness. Three times the dying man had raised his hands in the manner she had witnessed, and so expired.

One morning, some years since, the lady of a distinguished London physician was lying in bed at her house in P—— Street. It was daylight, and she was broad awake. The door opened, but Lady ——, concluding it was her maid, did not raise her head, until a remarkable-looking figure, passing between her bed and the window, walked up to the fire-place, when, reflected in the mirror which hung above, Lady —— recognized the features of her step-son, Dr. J. C——, then attached to a foreign embassy. He wore a long night-dress, and carried something on his arm.

"Good Heavens! is that you, John? and in that dress?" cried Lady ——, in the first surprise.

The figure turned slowly round, and she then became aware that the object he carried was a dead child, the body being swathed round and round in a large Indian scarf of remarkable workmanship, which Lady —— had presented to Mrs. J. C—— on the eve of her departure. As she gazed the outline of the figures became indistinct—invisible. They were lost in the familiar objects of the room. Lady —— neither fainted nor shrieked, nor even rang the bell. She lay down and thought the matter over, resolving to mention it to no one until the return of her husband, then absent in attendance on an illustrious household. His experience would decide whether her physical health offered any solution of the phenomenon. As for its being a dream, it may be taken as an accepted fact that, though nobody is conscious of the act of going to sleep, every body knows, by the sudden change of scenery, and snapping of the chain of thought alone, when he has awakened.

On hearing her story her husband immediately looked at his lady's tongue and felt her pulse. Both organs perfect. Of her nerves he had seen proof. Touching veracity she was truth itself. All his skill could devise nothing better than a recommendation to patience, and to see what came of it. In the mean time the day and hour were noted down, and the next advices from T—— awaited with more than usual interest.

At length they came. Dr. J. C—— informed his father that their child—an only one—had died on such a day (that of the apparition), and that his wife, anxious that it should be laid to rest in the land of its birth, had begged that it might be forwarded by the next ship. In due course it arrived, embalmed, but inclosed in a coffin so much larger than was required for the tiny occupant that the intervening spaces had to be filled up with clothes, etc., while the Indian scarf had been wound in many folds around the child's body.

A favorite theory lays it down as law that it requires two minds to produce one ghost. There must be, on the one side, the power of projection of the image; on the other, that of receptivity. Unless the mirror be specially prepared, the object, though at hand, can not become visible. Yet here is an example of the substitution of one, certainly in no such condition of special preparedness, for another unquestionably interested.

Colonel M——, who perished, with a party of his men, in the lamentable burning of a transport on her voyage to the Crimea, was well known to the writer. M—— was a man of the coolest nerve, of the most imperturbable self-possession. It was his habit to sit up late, reading, in the chamber of his invalid wife, after the latter had retired to bed. One night, Mrs. M—— having fallen asleep, the door opened, and her maid, Lucy, who had been sent home, ill, to the charge of her friends a few days before, entered the room. Perfectly conscious, as he declared, from the first, that the object he beheld was not of this world, the steady soldier fixed his eyes on the apparition, careful only to catch its every movement, and impress the whole scene with accuracy on his memory. The figure moved slowly to the side of the bed, gazed with a sad and wistful expression on the sleeper's face, and then, as though reluctantly, died away into the gloom. Colonel M—— then awoke his wife and related what had occurred. The hour was noted, and proved to be precisely that at which the poor girl had breathed her last, murmuring her mistress's name.

Some twenty years ago the attention of Sir M—— and Lady S—— was attracted to the friendless position of a little orphan boy. So great was the interest with which he inspired them both that they took entire charge of his future, giving him an excellent education, and, at a proper age, introducing him, on his own earnest request, into the navy. Several years passed, during which the young man advanced rapidly in professional and general knowledge, and was to all appearance on the outset of a prosperous career, when, one rude November night, about half past twelve, the inmates of Lady S——'s country-house, at which she was then residing, in the absence abroad of Sir M——, were aroused by a loud ringing at the bell. Lady S——, herself awakened, heard the step of her steady old butler, moving in person to ascertain who could possibly be arriving at such an hour. A furious gust of wind and rain seemed to burst in with the opening door. A long pause succeeded; after which the butler was heard reascending to his apartment. Lady S——'s curiosity was sufficiently aroused to induce her to summon her maid, who slept in an adjoining room, and send her to question the butler as to the untimely visitor. The answer returned was that, on opening the door, no one was to be seen. The night, though rough, was not very dark, and neither on the graveled approach nor on the broad lawns could be discerned a living thing. But for so many having heard the bell the butler would have imagined it a dream.

Gradually the household resumed its repose, when, at two o'clock, a second summons startled every body. There was no mistaking now, for the bell had not ceased its impatient vibrations when the butler with several other servants set foot on the stairs. Again the storm dashed into the house, and nothing but the storm. No human shape was visible without, nor were any footprints to be traced on the smooth gravel sheltered by the porch. As they were about to close the door for the second time Lady S——'s maid appeared on the landing and beckoned, with a white, scared face, to those below.

"Come up, come up, somebody! My lady has seen Mr. D——. I dare not stay there alone!"

It was, in effect, as she had said. Immediately after the group of servants had descended the stairs Lady S—— had seen the figure of young D—— standing at the foot of her bed. Believing at the moment that it was actually himself, she had accosted him.

"What, Edward, you here?"

The figure immediately disappeared.

News shortly arrived that the young man had perished at sea on that wild November night, between the hours of twelve and two.

The following singular story, belonging, perhaps, more strictly to the realm of dreams than visions, was related to the writer a short time since, by the lady of a distinguished German diplomatist, now residing at Frankfort:

A friend of the narrator had herself a beloved and attached friend, who died after a brief but severe interval of suffering. A short time after, the spirit of the departed stood, in a dream, by the bedside of her friend, Madame L——, and, with a countenance distorted with indescribable agony, implored the latter to interest in her behalf some "great, strong soul," that might wrestle for her in prayer, and emancipate the afflicted spirit, if it might be, from its present intolerable condition. This condition she described as one of an eager longing to repent, but of perpetual contention with some terrible hindrance, only removable through the means suggested. Much troubled in mind, Madame L——, after some deliberation, resolved to appeal to the strongest and most ardent soul within the range of her acquaintance, in the person of ——, sometimes called the "German Luther." To him, accordingly, she made her appeal. The good man consented, and redeemed his promise with characteristic zeal.

Soon after, the apparition revisited Madame L——. This time with aspect more composed, but still marked with traces of suffering and anxiety, and warmly thanking her friend for what had been already done, adjured her, in the most touching language (repeated by the narrator with wonderful power and pathos), to prevail upon the zealous intercessor to engage once more—but *once* again—in prayer, on her behalf. Madame L——, deeply moved, did as she was requested, and wrote at once to ——, who happened at this time to be absent at the distance of two days' journey.

On the third night the spirit once more stood by her friend's side, with an aspect of complete tranquillity, and surrounded with angelic radiance, declaring that all was now well.

Two days more, and —— burst into Madame L——'s presence, pale, and greatly agitated.

"Woman, woman!" he exclaimed, "what have you done? For no reward that could be proposed to me would I endure such another hour of conflict and agony as that which my compliance with your request has caused me." He then proceeded to relate that, having—though with some reluctance—engaged in prayer as he was desired, he felt as though at once environed by all the powers of evil. Nevertheless, with reeling brain and bursting heart, and all but overcome, he steeled himself to the very utmost, and, struggling on through unutterable mental torture, at length regained his calm. But never more, for *him*, such fearful championship!

A broad distinction, of course, lies between cases of mere cerebral excitement and such as we have before adduced. Hallucinations are as fully recognized, if not quite so common, as colds in the head. Few of those who must have noticed the twitch or toss of the head peculiar to the late eminent counsel, Mr. B——, were aware that it was engendered by a perpetual vision of a raven perched on his left shoulder. A gentleman now residing in Broadway, New York, transacts business daily under the immediate supervision of his great-uncle, who, in a laced coat and ruffles, occupies a large arm-chair placed expressly to receive the honored vision.

MANNERS MAKE THE MAN.

We have lately stumbled on two compendious little works, entitled "The Gentleman's" and "Lady's Manual of Modern Etiquette," which profess to embody the latest edition of the code of manners observed in "the highest circles." Glancing at the preface, we found to our horror that to be ignorant of the subject-matter of these minute volumes was "necessarily to exhibit vulgarity at the table, clownishness in the drawing-room, and general unfitness for the society of the refined;" and, furthermore, that here were set forth "certain fixed laws, observed by all classes claiming a respectable position." Inexpressibly shocked at the awful consequences we must have incurred by remaining ignorant of this authoritative exposition of the edicts of fashion, we lost no time in perusing it, with the faint hope that haply our instincts might have saved us from some of the social enormities so sweepingly denounced, and that in the eyes of society we might hitherto have appeared as, at any rate, a favorable specimen of the savage.

The "Gentleman's Manual" begins by setting out the ceremonial to be observed on the occasion of a morning visit. And the exhaustive nature of the treatise will be recognized by the first direction, which is this, "If you alight from a carriage, endeavor to do so in a graceful manner." Our author has evidently a salutary fear of the street *gamins* before his eyes, for he adds, "Inattention to this matter has subjected many to ridicule." Visits are of two kinds, for purposes of congratulation and of condolence. We do not pretend to understand the reasons which, of course, exist for the following caution with reference to the former: "Visits of congratulation must be always made before dinner." Much more intelligible is this rule for a visit of condolence, which breathes the very spirit of the "mitigated affliction department" at Messrs. Pugh's or Jay's: "Take care to appear in a sober dress; and if the occasion be the death of a person even slightly related to you, go in mourning—deep or otherwise—according to the degree of relationship." Here is an exoteric precept applicable to all visits, the full force of which the housemaid will appreciate: "Be very careful to scrape your feet, and to use the door-mat upon entering, if the streets be in a muddy condition." But the very next is highly mystic and esoteric: "Take your hat with you into the reception-room, and, as a rule, hold it in your hand; if requested to do so, you may place it beside you on a table, *but never put it on the ground.*" Chapter II. relates to the dinner-table, and in it the programme of dinner is minutely laid down. "To married ladies," we read, "should be conceded preference as to the order of *rotation*, and if it is wished to be very formal, let those of highest rank be taken out first." The "order of rotation" can only mean that in the highest circles the ceremonial is to go in state down the front stairs, then to mount with equal pomp the back stairs, then to descend the front stairs a second time, and so on *ad infinitum*—clearly a very aristocratic proceeding, because it would result in a dinner with his Grace Duke Humphry. "The host offers his arm to the principal lady"—that is, if he wishes to be very formal—"and leads the way." "*Immediately* behind comes the hostess." It is terrible to reflect that we have invariably permitted the wife of our bosom to bring up the rear. Once down stairs, here are a few of the canons for behavior. Perhaps, in these revolutionary days, it is wise in our author to reassert explicitly a good deal that Lord Chesterfield would take for granted. At any rate, it is impossible to cavil at the following sound advice: "Never convey the knife to the mouth. Take care to masticate as quickly as possible, and do not rattle your knife, fork, or spoon, more than you can avoid. It is not necessary to wait until any one else begins to eat; commence the business of your dinner as soon as you are served, although it is not requisite to dart upon it like a vulture upon its prey—such a course would intimate that you are unaccustomed to such fare as you have before you." A great instructor can not enlarge on his chosen theme without introducing indirectly a good deal of curious scientific information. As we learned, under the head of visiting, that a visit of congratulation must be taken, like fruit, early in the day, on pain of dyspepsia, so in the passage just quoted we are presented with a singular fact in natural history—namely, that it is the want of familiarity with raw meat that makes the vulture take to it with such unmistakable gusto. Peculiar responsibilities of course attach to the post of master of the house. There is the obvious duty "of sending a plate of any meat he may be carving, by a servant, to each guest who is not supplied, without the ceremony of first asking permission." But he must have the subtlety of a Gladstone or a Bethell to realize and act upon the following nice distinction: "He may inquire of each person if he prefers any particular part; *not* whether he would like such or such a part, naming it. If he have no choice to offer, it is out of place to press a guest to make one." Out of place, indeed! but we can hardly believe that a host could be found of such devilish malignity as to press a friend to partake of a wing or breast when nothing but the drumstick remained. "It is mistaken kindness to persist in helping any one to a particular dish if once declined." Again, we think the "Manual" understates the barbarity of this proceeding. It is impossible to reprobate too severely the conduct of an entertainer who should treat his guests as Strasbourg geese are treated, or the apoplectic pigs that sprawl about a Cattle Show. There are a few useful hints about taking wine. "It is not necessary to ask the pleasure of taking wine with a lady verbally—to catch her eye is sufficient. If her neighbor is so remiss as not to perceive that the service is required, a lady may politely request him to charge her glass." The parties "should smile and bow slightly before drinking."

Ball-givers and ball-goers may learn much from these pages. First, as to sending out invitations. "If several members of one family be invited, one card is sent to the master and mistress, another to the daughters, and another to the sons. These may all be placed in one envelope, which should not be fastened, and addressed to the mistress of the house." The votary of Terpsichore ought to be grateful for the following suggestions: "In a quadrille, the gentleman should, if possible, escort his partner to the top place. (N.B. If the orchestra be placed at the end of the room, that end is considered the top; if elsewhere, the top of the room is that end *farthest* from the door.)" This is really hard upon the unhappy lady who is offered the alternative of being deafened by the cornet-à-piston, or suffocated for want of air. Besides, what if a room should be so utterly abnormal as to have two doors, where would the top be then? This is a *casus omissus* to which we respectfully invite the author's attention. "In the Schottische, Waltz, and Polka be very careful to avoid encircling your partner's waist, except in the lightest manner, and exercise extreme caution to prevent pressing too closely upon her; avoid pressing her hand tightly." Soft pressure, it would seem, is allowable, and does not entail any "unfitness for the society of the refined." But no further liberty would be tolerated in "respectable company;" and we may charitably infer, therefore, that "in the highest circles" a similar propriety is observed.

Hitherto we have been drinking in wisdom from a stern, rigid Mentor. In the remarks on "Supper," we feel at once that we are listening to a man and a brother. "After attending to the wants of their fair partners, the gentlemen generally tacitly agree to stand and wait until the ladies have retired (which they should always do after a moderate refreshment), and then to sit down together to supper," of which they may, by implication, partake immoderately. Here we have the voice of nature bursting artificial restraints. Great is lobster salad, for it fairly triumphs over etiquette in the affections of this modern Polonius.

Of this Manual, as of some other books, it might be said that it contains many things that are new, and many things that are true; but what is new is not true, and what is true is not new. No one, for instance, would dream of disputing the following proposition: "Some knowledge of passing events is almost indispensable to those who go much into society;" or this: "Do not speak so much as a single sentence in company in a language not understood by those present;" or this: "To take notice of children is generally to render yourself agreeable to their parents." Again, the most unsophisticated among us knows that "letters should always be prepaid;" that "the flesh, teeth, and nails should be cleansed at regular and fixed intervals;" and that "the nails should never be permitted to grow to an offensive length." We have long ago arrived at the conclusion that "those who have weak eyes should wear colored spectacles;" and the instinct of self-preservation would forbid any disregard of the following rule: "If you use false hair, be careful that it is all of one shade." Nor do we require to be reminded that "it has an undignified and somewhat thief-like look to turn the eyes down whenever you are spoken to." The following caution, too, we regard as somewhat superfluous: "When a marriage contract is to be drawn up, it is well to ascertain that all parties concerned agree to all the particulars set forth before the formal meeting for signing the deeds. This will prevent much unseemly discussion in the presence of the bride-elect." But we find in this volume many injunctions and many subtle distinctions calculated to make us feel acutely our own utter ignorance of modern etiquette. We do not see, for instance, how any conversation is to proceed, if the following rule be strictly adhered to: "It is inexpedient to indulge the habit of asking questions; it may be inconvenient to answer them, or if answered, the reply may cause you to look very foolish." Again, there must be some good reason for the following precept, though we fail to grasp it: "Do not permit yourself to be surprised at any thing, except in the company of ladies." Why is one to be all agog in female company, and how long has straining eyeballs and an open mouth been a recommendation to the sex? Here is a mysterious canon: "A formal introduction may occasionally be dispensed with in the case of persons who meet casually, and who, finding each other's society or conversation agreeable, think fit to dispense with the services of a third party." What services? and who is the "third party" darkly alluded to as haunting the steps of the two "agreeable parties?" For a good many "things not generally known," we beg to refer our readers to the head of "Letter Writing," in this pregnant little work. They will learn there that, "in addressing any one higher in rank than themselves, large-sized paper should be used;" that the use of adhesive envelopes should be exclusively confined to business communications; that it is "contrary to good-breeding to send a letter secured otherwise than by sealing-wax to your most intimate friend, or even to your wife; that the seal should never be impressed by any fantastic device; and that gilt-edged paper should only be employed in a friendly letter." With infinite shame and contrition many of our readers must own to frequent breaches of each and all of these social observances, and particularly to having licked innumerable envelopes in corresponding with their wives about the children's whooping-cough. We are not sure that all our generous impulses toward our superiors have taken the form of a present of game, which we are assured is "the only thing that we may be certain will not give offense." Nor have we interpreted the ante-nuptial banquets of our male friends in the following cruel sense: "It is usual for a gentleman, previous to his marriage, to give a dinner to those of his bachelor friends whose acquaintance he wishes to discontinue. This is tacitly understood as a friendly form of dismissal!"

There is great originality about the "general suggestions" given at the end of these volumes. A gentleman will note that the habit of crossing the legs is objectionable; that he must never address a friend aloud by his name in public; that in ascending stairs he must precede a lady as quickly as possible, in descending he must follow her; and that while escorting a lady from one room to another on the same floor he must give her the left arm, unless both parties are married, in which case the right arm is more correct. A lady will find much practical wisdom embodied in the remarks on "dress." If she is so unfortunate as to be deformed, she is advised to conceal it by "attention to the make of that portion of her habiliments immediately connected with the misshappen part." If her features be large, she is to arrange her hair in large masses. She is never to appear anxious about the safety of any part of her attire in company. She is solemnly warned not to compress her feet into shoes too small, or her hands into gloves of a size less than proper for them. "Such an attempt causes the 'member' to appear larger, its uncomfortably tight appearance attracting attention; besides which, the feet are sure to be injured, and, by the formation of corns, to become larger and more unshapely the longer the course is persisted in." And lastly, let her attend to the following oracular utterance, in which we could have wished that the condemnation of crinoline had been more explicit: "At a ball, you will pass and repass during its progress the other dancers many times. Bear this in mind, and dress, accordingly, in a costume as light and close-fitting as is consistent with the fashion."

One is tempted to ask, with whom can the author of this wonderful Manual have lived? and who are the lunatics who regulate their deportment by the rules it contains? Who in the world is our anonymous instructor? We do not hesitate to say that we have penetrated his disguise. Every item in this catalogue of the proprieties smells of cast-off plush. It is our old friend Jeames, whiling away the hours of his retirement from active work by dilating on the Genteel. There is a certain psychological value in a travesty of society regarded from the point of view of a thoroughly vulgar and illiterate mind. But there is something more of which a book of this kind is the expression. It symbolizes the essentially snobbish side of character. The demand for such information as this impudent imposture pretends to give is created by the morbid craving which almost every class evinces to ape its betters, and do as is done "in the higher circles." Mrs. Smith wants to know the dinner arrangements observed in a nobleman's family, in order that, when she next entertains Mrs. Jones, she may astonish that lady's weak mind by imitating them as closely as circumstances will permit. The hard-worked maid of the Smith establishment does just the same thing, when she waggles about the kitchen in a hoop which she fondly imagines to be a faithful copy of Missis's style of dress. There is something almost pathetic, in an Aristotelian point of view, in this latest synopsis of the social virtues. The points which strike an ordinary reader as most ridiculous would save it from ridicule in the eyes of a philosopher. The injunctions to cleanliness and a calm temper betray something like a faint and dim notion of the principles on which true courtesy rests. They indicate a sort of twilight consciousness that, after all, it consists in something more than a set of arbitrary rules about matters of infinitesimal importance, and that it is too subtle to be subjected to this ludicrous codification. As Sheridan says of wit, so it might be said of good-manners, that they are more nearly allied to good-nature than shopmen imagine. While spurious politeness hinges on respect of persons and has its sliding scale of manners—these for the company of a grandee, these for every day life, and these for a poor relation—true politeness disdains to look beyond or outside of itself for a principle whereby to regulate its conduct. The true gentleman is absolutely and unalterably the same in the cottage and in the palace, simply out of respect for himself and a noble scorn of appearing for a moment other than he is. It is this which Shakspeare expresses so happily in the few pregnant words with which Hamlet rebukes the men who would have had the poor players treated according to their degree—"Treat them *according to your own honor.*"

THE BATTLE AT BATON ROUGE.

On page 564 we publish an illustration of the Battle of Baton Rouge, fought on 5th August; and on page 565 an illustration of the Destruction of the Rebel Iron-clad "Arkansas" by the Union Gun-boat "Essex," which occurred on the following day. We condense from the *Herald* correspondence the following account of these affairs:

General Williams received information as early as Monday, the 28th ult., that the rebels had started from Camp Moore for the purpose of making an attack on Baton Rouge.

About two o'clock on the afternoon of the 4th information was received from some negroes that the rebels were approaching in force from the Greenwell Springs road, upon which the troops were got under arms, ready for the menaced attack. At half past three o'clock on the following morning the reveille was beaten, and, the troops having formed, they were marched out to meet the enemy. About a mile out of town our little army was drawn up in line of battle, awaiting the expected attack.

The engagement was brought on by one of the companies of the Twenty-first Indiana, which was on picket duty about a mile back of the camp, being driven in by the rebels. As soon as the firing was heard General Williams sent the other companies of the Twenty-first Indiana to the support of the pickets. On reaching the scene of action they found that the enemy was in too great force to contend with successfully, upon which they fell back to the front of their tents, followed by the enemy. There they made a stand, and engaged the entire brigade of General Clarke, consisting of two Mississippi regiments, and a third regiment, composed partially of men from Mississippi, the rest being from Arkansas. The fighting at that place was very severe. The Indiana boys performed prodigies of valor, and kept the enemy in check for a considerable time. General Williams, finding, however, that they were too far advanced to receive support from the other regiments, ordered them to fall back, which was done to the distance of from 200 to 250 yards.

Just about this time the right wing of the Union army was engaged by Colonel Allen's brigade. This wing consisted of the Sixth Michigan and Nims's battery. Simultaneous with this movement our left was attacked by Ruggles's brigade. Attached to the left wing was the Fourteenth Maine and Everett's battery. The fighting at this point was excessively severe, and the roar of battle was heard all along the line from left to right. This lasted for about twenty minutes, during which time the rebels kept their troops masked under the cover of the woods as much as possible, while the Union soldiers were exposed to their fire in the open field. Considerable inconvenience was experienced by our troops, too, in consequence of their facing to the east, which caused the morning sun to shine in their faces, rendering their operations exceedingly difficult. Still our brave troops flinched not, but manfully bore the shock of overwhelming numbers in the face of every difficulty.

The Thirtieth Massachusetts was now ordered to advance and support the Michigan troops; but while they were getting into position it was found that their aid was not necessary, as the Michigan boys had already repulsed their opponents. The Ninth Connecticut and the Fourth Wisconsin, which were held in reserve, were ordered about the same time to advance in support of the other regiments; but as they were going on the field the enemy retired. At one period of the fight the enemy got into the camp of the Twenty-first Indiana and burned it, upon which this regiment, from the cover of the woods, poured a most terrific volley into them, doing fearful execution, and causing them to retire precipitately. They met a similar fate from the Twentieth Maine, into whose camp they had forced an entrance, though they succeeded in burning this camp too.

While the fight was raging three companies of the Sixth Michigan Volunteers were in peril of being cut off by the Fourth and Thirtieth Louisiana regiments, commanded by Colonel Allen, acting as Brigadier-General. These two regiments suddenly emerged from the woods and marched toward the three companies, with the view of turning their right flank. They had succeeded in capturing two guns belonging to Nims's battery, and a well-known rebel officer, named Henderson, was seen to wave a flag in triumph over the guns. Some say it was a black flag; but doubts have been expressed in regard to the correctness of the statement. The two guns were brought to bear on the gallant Michigan boys; but they were too nimble for the rebels. Lying flat on the ground, the rebel balls flew over them, upon which they started to their feet and poured so well-directed a volley into the enemy's ranks as to completely astonish him. This was handsomely seconded by the remaining guns of Nims's battery, which, making a detour along the road, so severely galled the Louisiana regiments by a well-timed cross-fire that when the two companies of the Michigan Sixth came to the bayonet charge the rebels were driven back to the cover of the woods, leaving the two guns they had captured behind them. Nims's battery thus got their own again.

The hardest part of the fighting was in the centre, where the Fourteenth Maine fought with distinguished bravery.

The Twenty-first Indiana also fought like tigers, and it is said that a rebel general paid them the handsome compliment of saying that but for those damned Indianians Baton Rouge would have been captured, though there are Union soldiers who do not see it exactly in that light.

When the long roll was beaten the gun-boats *Essex*, *Sumter*, *Kineo*, and *Katahdin* took up their positions, the two former to protect our left and the two latter our right flank. The *Essex* and the *Sumter* opened fire in the woods, their shells screaming through the trees, tearing them into shreds and scattering an iron hail around. Signal-officer Davis, of the *Kineo*, stationed himself on the tower of the State House, from which elevation he had an excellent view of the field, and could signal to the vessels where to throw in their shells. After the battle had raged for some time the Union troops began to fall back on the Penitentiary, when several well-directed shots from the 11-inch guns of the boats kept the rebels in check. Shortly after this the firing ceased.

At half past three P.M. firing was re-opened, the gun-boats *Kineo* and *Katahdin* shelling the woods in different directions where the enemy were, doing great execution. It has been stated that one shell from the *Kineo* killed from forty to sixty rebels. Toward evening the firing again ceased: but the gun-boats continued to send in a shell every half hour in different parts of the woods during the whole night, with the view of keeping the rebels at bay; but they had already fled, the gallant charge of the Sixth Michigan having completed their discomfiture.

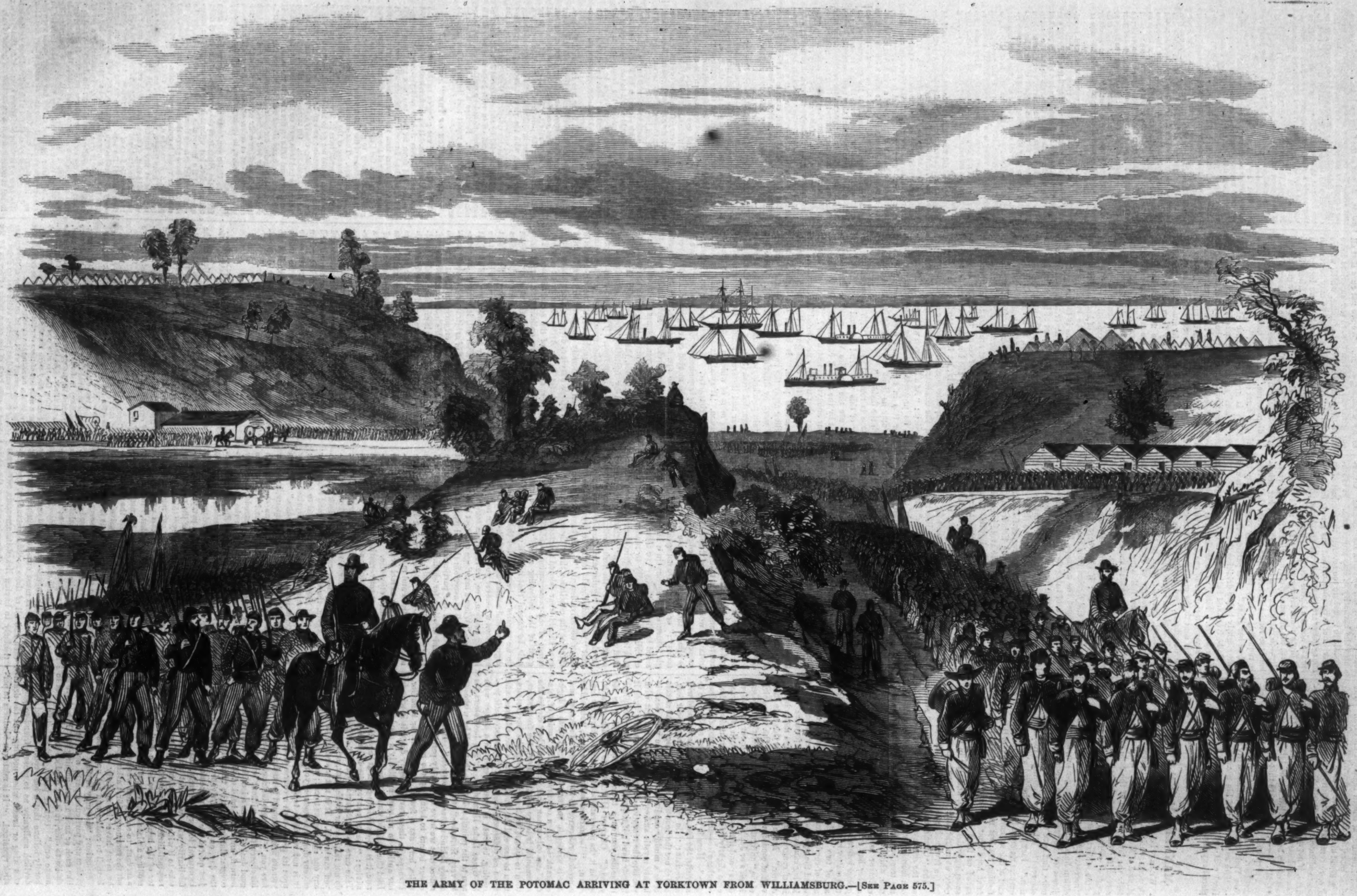
The rebels were led by Major-General John C. Breckinridge, who scampered off in such haste that he left his sword behind. It was picked up on the field, and is retained as a trophy. Perhaps it was this circumstance that gave rise to the report that the traitor lost his right arm.

DESTRUCTION OF THE "ARKANSAS."

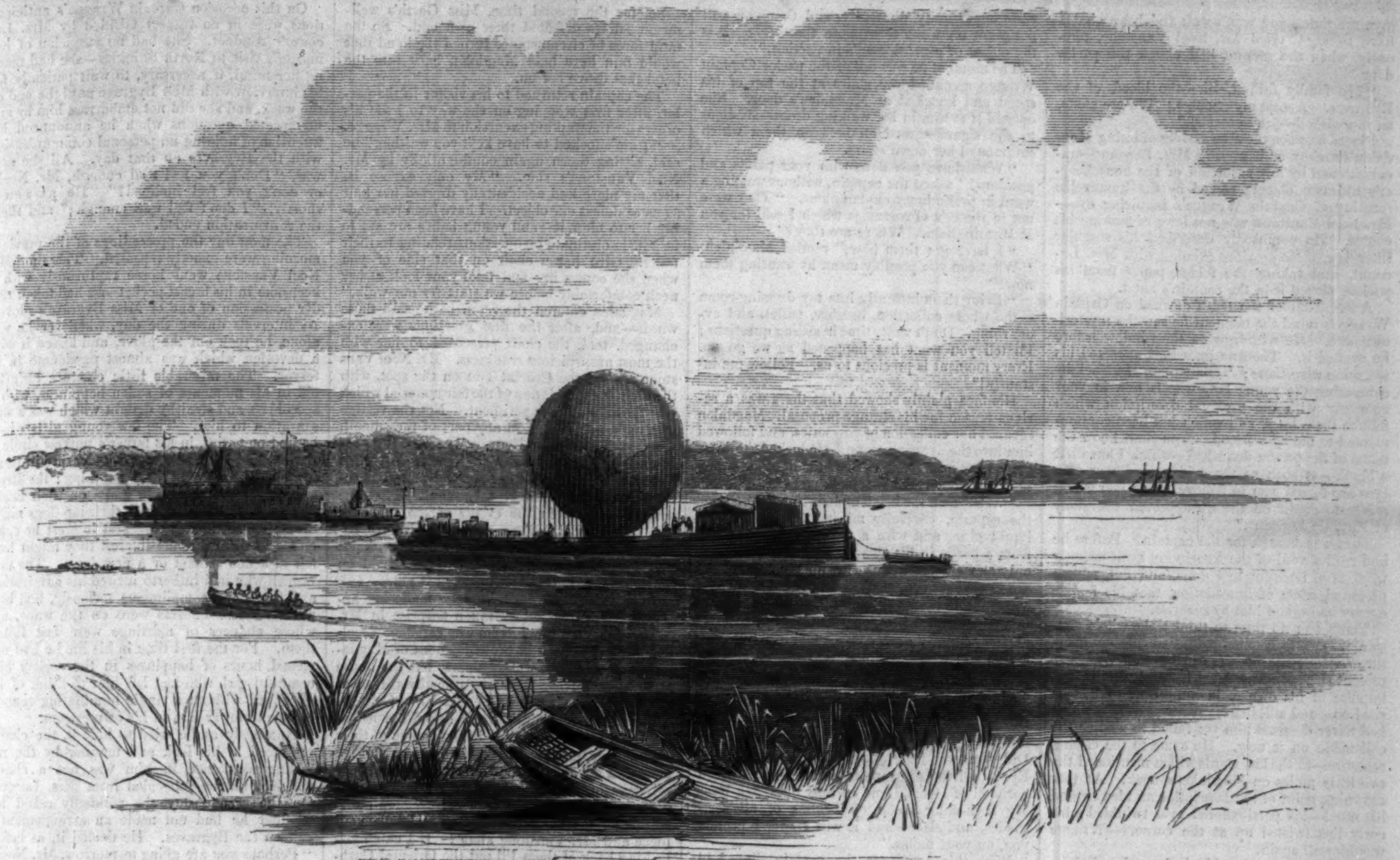
While the firing was going on smoke was seen up the river behind a bend. It was ascertained that it proceeded from the rebel ram *Arkansas*, in pursuance of the programme laid down for her to attack the Union vessels while their land forces were dealing with our troops. It seems, however, that the commander of the *Arkansas* thought better of the matter, and did not venture down; for there was the Union ram *Essex*, as well as the other gun-boats, ready to give her a warm reception, and at night the officers of the Union vessels wondered where the *Arkansas* was. Their curiosity being stimulated by the continued absence of the nondescript, or "What is it?" as Barnum would term it, it was determined that, as the mountain would not go to Mohammed, Mohammed would go to the mountain; and go he did, being represented by the *Essex* leading, closely followed by the *Sumter*, *Kineo*, and the *Katahdin*. On turning the elbow, beyond which her smoke had been seen on the previous day, the monster was discovered to be on fire close to the bank. The rebel gun-boats *Webb* and *Music* were by her, but they prudently retired on seeing our boats. It seems that the *Arkansas* was worked by two engines on one wheel, and that both must be in working order or neither will act. One of the engines got out of order, and the other would not work without its fellow, in consequence of which she got under the bank.

As the Union gun-boats approached several shots were fired at the *Essex* from the *Arkansas*, one or two of them taking effect, but without doing any damage. In consequence of the immovable position of the *Arkansas* she could not bring more than one of her two guns to bear, or she might have given the *Essex* a great deal of trouble, as the latter vessel is quite unmanageable. The *Essex* ran past the *Arkansas* to a part of the river where there is a reach of some length, and opened on her formidable antagonist at five hundred yards with three guns loaded with solid shot. One of these took effect right under the port in the starboard bow of the *Arkansas*, and split in two from the force of the concussion. Commander Porter then ordered the same gun to be loaded with an incendiary shell of his own invention, and, without moving the gun to take a new aim, the shell was fired, entering just where the solid shot had struck. Immediately a jet of flame was shooting upward from the *Arkansas*, and in a short time the entire vessel was on fire. It is supposed that the condensed cotton with which the *Arkansas* is packed caught fire from the shell, and communicating thence to the wood-work soon wrapped the monster in flames. After burning till all her upper works were destroyed she swung off into the stream, where she blew up with a terrific explosion.

The *Arkansas* was plated with railroad iron on the outside, over a planking of six-inch oak; inside that was six inches of condensed cotton on another six inches of oak.



THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC ARRIVING AT YORKTOWN FROM WILLIAMSBURG.—[See Page 575.]



THE LAST RECONNOISSANCE OF THE WAR BALLOON ON THE JAMES RIVER.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1862, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

NO NAME.

BY WILKIE COLLINS,

AUTHOR OF "THE WOMAN IN WHITE," "DEAD SECRET," ETC., ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN M'LENAN.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER VII.

LATE that evening, when Magdalen and Mrs. Wragge came back from their walk in the dark, the captain stopped Magdalen on her way up stairs, to inform her of the proceedings of the day. He added the expression of his opinion, that the time had come for bringing Mr. Noel Vanstone, with the least possible delay, to the point of making a proposal. She merely answered that she understood him, and that she would do what was required of her. Captain Wragge requested her, in that case, to oblige him by joining a walking excursion in Mr. Noel Vanstone's company, at seven o'clock the next morning. "I will be ready," she replied. "Is there any thing more?" There was nothing more. Magdalen bade him good-night, and returned to her own room.

She had shown the same disinclination to remain any longer than was necessary in the captain's company throughout the three days of her seclusion in the house.

During all that time, instead of appearing to weary of Mrs. Wragge's society, she had patiently, almost eagerly, associated herself with her companion's one absorbing pursuit. She, who had often chafed and fretted in past days, under the monotony of her life in the freedom of Combe-Raven, now accepted, without a murmur, the monotony of her life at Mrs. Wragge's work-table. She, who had hated the sight of a needle and thread in old times—who had never yet worn an article of dress of her own making—now toiled as anxiously over the making of Mrs. Wragge's gown, and bore as patiently with Mrs. Wragge's blunders, as if the sole object of her existence had been the successful completion of that one dress. Any thing was welcome to her—the trivial difficulties of fitting a gown; the small ceaseless chatter of the poor half-witted creature who was so proud of her assistance, and so happy in her company—any thing was welcome that shut her out from the coming future, from the destiny to which she stood self-condemned. That sorely-wounded nature was soothed by such a trifle now as the grasp of her companion's rough and friendly hand—that desolate heart was cheered, when night parted them, by Mrs. Wragge's kiss.

The captain's isolated position in the house produced no depressing effect on the captain's easy and equal spirits. Instead of resenting Magdalen's systematic avoidance of his society, he looked to results, and highly approved of it. The more she neglected him for his wife, the more directly useful she became in the character of Mrs. Wragge's self-appointed guardian. He had more than once seriously contemplated revoking the concession which had been extorted from him, and removing his wife at his own sole responsibility, out of harm's way; and he had only abandoned the idea on discovering that Magdalen's resolution to keep Mrs. Wragge in her own company was really serious. While the two were together, his main anxiety was set at rest. They kept their door locked, by his own desire, while he was out of the house, and, whatever Mrs. Wragge might do, Magdalen was to be trusted not to open it until he came back. That night Captain Wragge enjoyed his cigar with a mind at ease, and sipped his brandy-and-water in happy ignorance of the pitfall which Mrs. Lecount had prepared for him in the morning.

Punctually at seven o'clock Mr. Noel Vanstone made his appearance. The moment he entered the room Captain Wragge detected a change in his visitor's look and manner. "Something wrong!" thought the captain. "We have not done with Mrs. Lecount yet."

"How is Miss Bygrave this morning?" asked Mr. Noel Vanstone. "Well enough, I hope, for our early walk?" His half-closed eyes, weak and watery with the morning light and the morning air, looked about the room furtively, and he shifted his place in a restless manner from one chair to another as he made those polite inquiries.

"My niece is better—she is dressing for the walk," replied the captain, steadily observing his restless little friend while he spoke. "Mr. Vanstone!" he added, on a sudden, "I am a plain Englishman—excuse my blunt way of speaking my mind. You don't meet me this morning as cordially as you met me yesterday. There is something unsettled in your face. I distrust that housekeeper of yours, Sir! Has she been presuming on your forbearance? Has she been trying to poison your mind against me or my niece?"

If Mr. Noel Vanstone had obeyed Mrs. Lecount's injunction, and had kept her little morsel of note-paper folded in his pocket until the time came to use it, Captain Wragge's designedly blunt appeal might not have found him unprepared with an answer. But curiosity had got the better of him—he had opened the note at night, and again in the morning—it had seriously perplexed and startled him—and it had left his mind far too disturbed to allow him the possession of his ordinary resources. He hesitated; and his answer, when he succeeded in making it, began with a prevarication.

Captain Wragge stopped him before he had got beyond his first sentence.

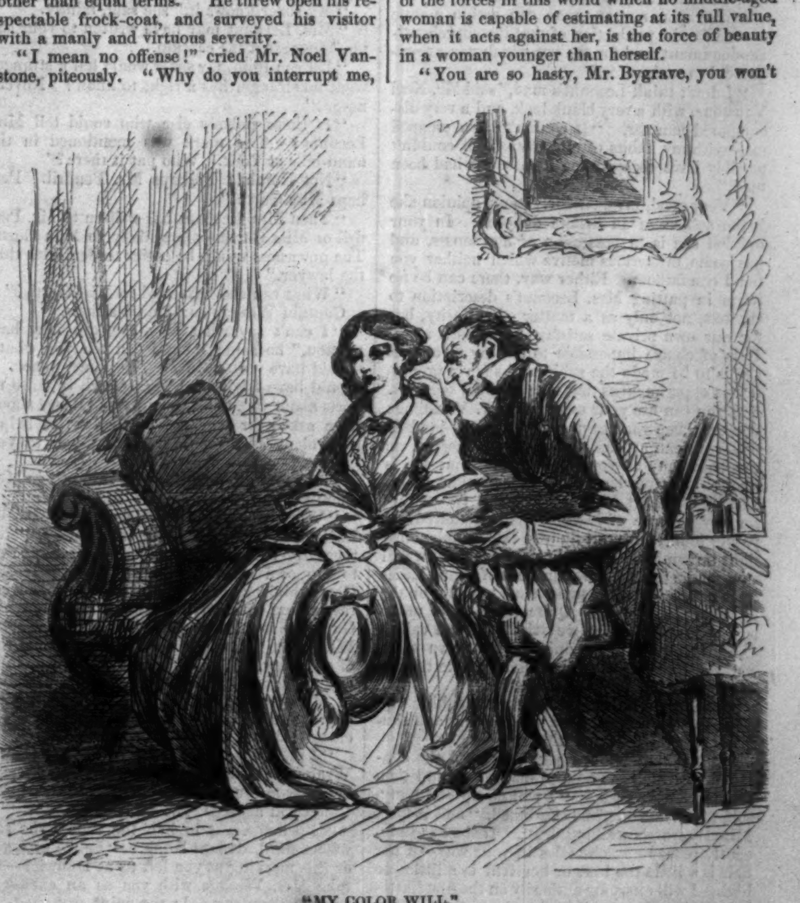
"Pardon me, Sir," said the captain, in his loftiest manner. "If you have secrets to keep, you have only to say so and I have done. I intrude on no man's secrets. At the same time, Mr. Vanstone, you must allow me to recall to your memory that I met you yesterday without any reserves on my side. I admitted you to my frankest and fullest confidence, Sir—and, highly as I prize the advantages of your society, I can't consent to cultivate your friendship on any other than equal terms." He threw open his respectable frock-coat, and surveyed his visitor with a manly and virtuous severity.

"I mean no offense!" cried Mr. Noel Vanstone, piteously. "Why do you interrupt me, Mr. Bygrave? Why don't you let me explain? I mean no offense."

"No offense is taken, Sir," said the captain. "You have a perfect right to the exercise of your own discretion. I am not offended—I only claim for myself the same privilege which I accord to you." He rose with great dignity, and rang the bell. "Tell Miss Bygrave," he said to the servant, "that our walk this morning is put off until another opportunity, and that I won't trouble her to come down stairs."

This strong proceeding had the desired effect. Mr. Noel Vanstone vehemently pleaded for a moment's private conversation before the message was delivered. Captain Wragge's severity partially relaxed. He sent the servant down stairs again; and, resuming his chair, waited confidently for results. In calculating the facilities for practicing on his visitor's weakness he had one great superiority over Mrs. Lecount. His judgment was not warped by latent female jealousies, and he avoided the error into which the housekeeper had fallen, self-deluded—the error of underrating the impression on Noel Vanstone that Magdalen had produced. One of the forces in this world which no middle-aged woman is capable of estimating at its full value, when it acts against her, is the force of beauty in a woman younger than herself.

"You are so hasty, Mr. Bygrave, you won't



"MY COLOR WILL."

give me time—you won't wait and hear what I have to say!" cried Mr. Noel Vanstone, piteously, when the servant had closed the parlor door.

"My family failing, Sir—the blood of the Bygraves. Accept my excuses. We are alone, as you wished—pray proceed."

Placed between the alternatives of losing Magdalen's society or betraying Mrs. Lecount—unenlightened by any suspicion of the housekeeper's ultimate object; cowed by the immovable scrutiny of Captain Wragge's inquiring eye—Mr. Noel Vanstone was not long in making his choice. He confusedly described his singular interview of the previous evening with Mrs. Lecount, and taking the folded paper from his pocket, placed it in the captain's hand.

A suspicion of the truth dawned on Captain Wragge's mind the moment he saw the mysterious note. He withdrew to the window before he opened it. The first lines that attracted his attention were these: "Oblige me, Mr. Noel, by comparing the young lady who is now in your company with the personal description which follows these lines, and which has been communicated to me by a friend. You shall know the name of the person described—which I have left a blank—as soon as the evidence of your own eyes has forced you to believe, what you would refuse to credit on the unsupported testimony of Virginie Lecount."

That was enough for the captain. Before he had read a word of the description itself he knew what Mrs. Lecount had done, and felt, with a profound sense of humiliation, that his female enemy had taken him by surprise.

There was no time to think; the whole conspiracy was threatened with irrevocable overthrow. The one resource in Captain Wragge's present situation was to act instantly on the first impulse of his own audacity. Line by line he read on—and still the ready inventiveness which had never deserted him yet failed to answer the call made on it now. He came to the closing sentence—to the last words which mentioned the two little moles on Magdalen's neck. At that crowning point of the description an idea crossed his mind—his parti-colored eyes twinkled; his curly lips twisted up at the corners—Wragge was himself again.

He wheeled round suddenly from the window, and looked Mr. Noel Vanstone straight in the face with a grimly-quiet suggestiveness of something serious to come.

"Pray, Sir, do you happen to know any thing of Mrs. Lecount's family?" he inquired.

"A respectable family," said Mr. Noel Vanstone—"that's all I know. Why do you ask?"

"I am not usually a betting man," pursued Captain Wragge. "But on this occasion I will lay you any wager you like there is madness in your housekeeper's family."

"Madness!" repeated Mr. Noel Vanstone, amazedly.

"Madness!" reiterated the captain, sternly tapping the note with his forefinger. "I see the cunning of insanity, the suspicion of insanity, the feline treachery of insanity in every line of this deplorable document. There is a far more alarming reason, Sir, than I had supposed for Mrs. Lecount's behavior to my niece. It is clear to me that Miss Bygrave resembles some other lady who has seriously offended your housekeeper—who has been formerly connected, perhaps, with an outbreak of insanity in your housekeeper—and who is now evidently confused with my niece in your housekeeper's wandering mind. That is my conviction, Mr. Vanstone. I may be right, or I may be wrong. All I say is this—neither you nor any man can assign a sane motive for the production of that incomprehensible document, and for the use which you are requested to make of it."

"I don't think Lecount's mad," said Mr. Noel Vanstone, with a very blank look, and a very discomposed manner. "It couldn't have escaped me—with my habits of observation—it couldn't possibly have escaped me if Lecount had been mad."

"Very good, my dear Sir. In my opinion she is the subject of an insane delusion. In your opinion she is in possession of her senses, and has some mysterious motive which neither you nor I can fathom. Either way, there can be no harm in putting Mrs. Lecount's description to the test, not only as a matter of curiosity, but for our own private satisfaction on both sides. It is of course impossible to tell my niece that she is to be made the subject of such a preposterous experiment as that note of yours suggests. But you can use your own eyes, Mr. Vanstone; you can keep your own counsel; and—mad or not—you can at least tell your housekeeper, on the testimony of your own senses, that she is wrong. Let me look at the description again. The greater part of it is not worth two straws for any purpose of identification; hundreds of young ladies have tall figures, fair complexions, light brown hair, and light gray eyes. You will say, on the other hand, hundreds of young ladies have not got two little moles close together on the left side of the neck. Quite true. The moles supply us, with what we scientific men call, a Crucial Test. When my niece comes down stairs, Sir, you have my full permission to take the liberty of looking at her neck."

Mr. Noel Vanstone expressed his high approval of the Crucial Test by smirking and simpering for the first time that morning.

"Of looking at her neck," repeated the captain; returning the note to his visitor, and then making for the door. "I will go up stairs myself, Mr. Vanstone," he continued, "and inspect Miss Bygrave's walking dress. If she has innocently placed any obstacles in your way—if her hair is a little too low, or her frill is a little too high—I will exert my authority on the first harmless pretext I can think of to have those obstacles removed. All I ask is, that you will choose your opportunity discreetly, and that you will not allow my niece to suppose that her neck is the object of a gentleman's inspection."

The moment he was out of the parlor Captain Wragge ascended the stairs at the top of his speed and knocked at Magdalen's door. She opened it to him in her walking dress—obedient to the signal agreed on between them which summoned her down stairs.

"What have you done with your paints and powders?" asked the captain, without wasting a word in preliminary explanations. "They were not in the box of costumes which I sold for you at Birmingham. Where are they?"

"I have got them here," replied Magdalen. "What can you possibly mean by wanting them now?"

"Bring them instantly into my dressing-room—the whole collection, brushes, pallet, and every thing. Don't waste time in asking questions; I'll tell you what has happened as we go on. Every moment is precious to us. Follow me instantly!"

His face plainly showed that there was a serious reason for his strange proposal. Magdalen secured her collection of cosmetics, and followed him into the dressing-room. He locked the door, placed her on a chair close to the light, and then told her what had happened.

"We are on the brink of detection," proceeded the captain, carefully mixing his colors with liquid glue, and with a strong "drier" added from a bottle in his own possession. "There is only one chance for us (lift up your hair from the left side of your neck)—I have told Mr. Noel Vanstone to take a private opportunity of looking at you; and I'm going to give the lie direct to that she-devil Lecount, by painting out your moles."

"They can't be painted out," said Magdalen. "No color will stop on them."

"*My* color will," remarked Captain Wragge. "I have tried a variety of professions in my time, the profession of painting among the rest. Did you ever hear of such a thing as a Black Eye? I lived some months once in the neighborhood of Drury Lane entirely on Black Eyes. My flesh-color stood on bruises of all sorts, shades, and sizes—and it will stand, I promise you, on your moles."

With this assurance the captain dipped his brush into a little lump of opaque color, which he had mixed in a saucer, and which he had graduated, as nearly as the materials would permit, to the color of Magdalen's skin. After first passing a cambric handkerchief, with some white powder on it, over the part of her neck on which he designed to operate, he placed two layers of color on the moles with the tip of the brush. The process was performed in a few moments—and the moles, as if by magic, disappeared from view. Nothing but the closest inspection could have discovered the artifice by which they had been concealed; at the distance of two or three feet only it was perfectly invisible.

"Wait here five minutes," said Captain Wragge, "to let the paint dry, and then join us in the parlor. Mrs. Lecount herself would be puzzled if she looked at you now."

"Stop!" said Magdalen. "There is one thing you have not told me yet. How did Mrs. Lecount get the description which you read down stairs? Whatever else she has seen of me she has not seen the mark on my neck; it is too far back and too high up; my hair hides it."

"Who knows of the mark?" asked Captain Wragge.

She turned deadly pale, under the anguish of a sudden recollection of Frank.

"My sister knows it," she said, faintly.

"Mrs. Lecount may have written to your sister," suggested the captain.

"Do you think my sister would tell a stranger what no stranger has a right to know? Never! never!"

"Is there nobody else who could tell Mrs. Lecount? The mark was mentioned in the hand-bills at York. Who put it there?"

"Not Norah! Perhaps Mr. Pendril. Perhaps Miss Garth."

"Then Mrs. Lecount has written to Mr. Pendril or Miss Garth—more likely to Miss Garth. The governess would be easier to deal with than the lawyer."

"What can she have said to Miss Garth?"

Captain Wragge considered a little.

"I can't say what Mrs. Lecount may have written," he said; "but I can tell you what I should have written in Mrs. Lecount's place. I should have frightened Miss Garth by false reports about you, to begin with; and then I should have asked for personal particulars, to help a benevolent stranger in restoring you to your friends."

The angry glitter flashed up instantly in Magdalen's eyes.

"What *you* would have done is what Mrs. Lecount has done," she said, indignantly. "Neither lawyer nor governess shall dispute my right to my own will and my own way. If Miss Garth thinks she can control my actions by corresponding with Mrs. Lecount I will show Miss Garth she is mistaken! It is high time, Captain Wragge, to have done with these wretched risks of discovery. We will take the short way to the end we have in view sooner than Mrs. Lecount or Miss Garth think for. How long can you give me to wring an offer of marriage out of that creature down stairs?"

"I dare not give you long," replied Captain Wragge. "Now your friends know where you are, they may come down on us at a day's notice. Could you manage it in a week?"

"I'll manage it in half the time," she said, with a hard, defiant laugh. "Leave us together this morning as you left us at Dunwich—and take Mrs. Wragge with you as an excuse for parting company. Is the paint dry yet? Go down stairs and tell him I am coming directly."

So, for the second time, Miss Garth's well-meant efforts defeated their own end. So the fatal force of circumstance turned the hand that would fain have held Magdalen back into the hand that drove her on.

The captain returned to his visitor in the parlor, after first stopping on the way to issue his orders for the walking excursion to Mrs. Wragge.

"I am shocked to have kept you waiting," he said, sitting down again confidentially by Mr. Noel Vanstone's side. "My only excuse is, that my niece had accidentally dressed her hair so as to defeat our object. I have been persuading her to alter it—and young ladies are apt to be a little obstinate on questions relating to their toilet. Give her a chair on that side of you when she comes in—and take your look at her neck comfortably before we start for our walk."

Magdalen entered the room as he said those words—and, after the first greetings were exchanged, took the chair presented to her with the most unsuspicious readiness. Mr. Noel Vanstone applied the Crucial Test on the spot, with the highest appreciation of the fair material which was the subject of experiment. Not the vestige of a mole was visible on any part of the smooth white surface of Miss Bygrave's neck. It mutely answered the blinking inquiry of Mr. Noel Vanstone's half-closed eyes by the flattest practical contradiction of Mrs. Lecount. That one central incident in the events of the morning was of all the incidents that had hitherto occurred the most important in its results. That one discovery shook the housekeeper's hold on her master as nothing had shaken it yet.

In a few minutes Mrs. Wragge made her appearance and excited as much surprise in Mr. Noel Vanstone's mind as he was capable of feeling, while absorbed in the enjoyment of Magdalen's society. The walking-party left the house at once—directing their steps northward so as not to pass the windows of Sea-View Cottage. To Mrs. Wragge's unutterable astonishment her husband, for the first time in the course of their married life, politely offered her his arm and led her on in advance of the young people, as if the privilege of walking alone with her presented some special attraction to him! "Step out!" whispered the captain, fiercely. "Leave your niece and Mr. Vanstone alone! If I catch you looking back at them I'll put the Oriental Cashmere Robe on the top of the kitchen fire! Turn your toes out and keep step—confound you, keep step!" Mrs. Wragge kept step to the best of her limited ability. Her sturdy knees trembled under her. She firmly believed the captain was intoxicated.

The walk lasted for rather more than an hour. Before nine o'clock they were all back again at North Shingles. The ladies went at once into the house. Mr. Noel Vanstone remained with Captain Wragge in the garden.

"Well," said the captain, "what do you think now of Mrs. Lecount?"

"Damn Lecount!" replied Mr. Noel Vanstone, in great agitation. "I'm half inclined to agree with you. I'm half inclined to think my infernal housekeeper is mad."

He spoke fretfully and unwillingly, as if the merest allusion to Mrs. Lecount was distasteful to him. His color came and went; his manner was absent and undecided; he fidgeted restlessly about the garden walk. It would have been plain to a far less acute observation than Captain Wragge's that Magdalen had met his advances by an unexpected grace and readiness of encouragement which had entirely overthrown his self-control.

"I never enjoyed a walk so much in my life!" he exclaimed, with a sudden outburst of enthusiasm. "I hope Miss Bygrave feels all the better for it. Do you go out at the same time tomorrow morning? May I join you again?"

"By all means, Mr. Vanstone," said the captain, cordially. "Excuse me for returning to the subject—but what do you propose saying to Mrs. Lecount?"

"I don't know. Lecount is a perfect nuisance! What would you do, Mr. Bygrave, if you were in my place?"

"Allow me to ask a question, my dear Sir, before I tell you. What is your breakfast hour?"

"Half past nine."

"Is Mrs. Lecount an early riser?"

"No. Lecount is lazy in the morning. I hate lazy women! If you were in my place what should you say to her?"

"I should say nothing," replied Captain Wragge. "I should return at once by the back way; I should let Mrs. Lecount see me in the front garden, as if I was taking a turn before breakfast; and I should leave her to suppose that I was only just out of my room. If she asks you whether you mean to come here today, say no. Secure a quiet life, until circumstances force you to give her an answer. Then tell the plain truth—say that Mr. Bygrave's niece and Mrs. Lecount's description are at variance with each other in the most important particular, and beg that the subject may not be mentioned again. There is my advice. What do you think of it?"

If Mr. Noel Vanstone could have looked into his counselor's mind he might have thought the captain's advice excellently adapted to serve the captain's interests. As long as Mrs. Lecount could be kept in ignorance of her master's visits to North Shingles, so long she would wait until the opportunity came for trying her experiment; and so long she might be trusted not to endanger the conspiracy by any further proceedings. Necessarily incapable of viewing Captain Wragge's advice under this aspect, Mr. Noel Vanstone simply looked at it as offering him a temporary means of escape from an explanation with his housekeeper. He eagerly declared that the course of action suggested to him should be followed to the letter, and returned to Sea View without further delay.

On this occasion Captain Wragge's anticipations were in no respect falsified by Mrs. Lecount's conduct. She had no suspicion of her master's visit to North Shingles—she had made up her mind, if necessary, to wait patiently for his interview with Miss Bygrave until the end of the week, and she did not embarrass him by any unexpected questions when he announced his intention of holding no personal communication with the Bygraves on that day. All she said was, "Don't you feel well enough, Mr. Noel? or don't you feel inclined?" He answered, shortly, "I don't feel well enough;" and there the conversation ended.

The next day the proceedings of the previous morning were exactly repeated. This time Mr. Noel Vanstone went home rapturously with a keepsake in his breast-pocket—he had taken tender possession of one of Miss Bygrave's gloves. At intervals during the day, whenever he was alone, he took out the glove, and kissed it with a devotion which was almost passionate in its fervor. The miserable little creature luxuriated in his moments of stolen happiness, with a speechless and stealthy delight which was a new sensation to him. The few young girls whom he had met with, in his father's narrow circle at Zurich, had felt a mischievous pleasure in treating him like a quaint little plaything; the strongest impression he could make on their hearts was an impression in which their lap-dogs might have rivaled him; the deepest interest he could create in them was the interest they might have felt in a new trinket or a new dress. The only women who had hitherto invited his admiration, and taken his compliments seriously, had been women whose charms were on the wane, and whose chances of marriage were fast failing them. For the first time in his life he had now passed hours of happiness in the society of a beautiful girl, who had left him to think of her afterward without a single humiliating remembrance to lower him in his own esteem.

Anxiously as he tried to hide it, the change produced in his look and manner by the new feeling awakened in him was not a change which could be concealed from Mrs. Lecount. On the second day she pointedly asked him whether he had not made an arrangement to call on the Bygraves. He denied it, as before. "Perhaps you are going to-morrow, Mr. Noel?" persisted the housekeeper. He was at the end of his resources; he was impatient to be rid of her inquiries; he trusted to his friend at North Shingles to help him—and, this time, he answered, Yes. "If you see the young lady," proceeded Mrs. Lecount, "don't forget that note of mine, Sir, which you have in your waistcoat pocket." No more was said on either side—but by that night's post the housekeeper wrote to Miss Garth. The letter merely acknowledged, with thanks, the receipt of Miss Garth's communication; and informed her that, in a few days, Mrs. Lecount hoped to be in a position to write again, and summon Mr. Pendril to Aldborough.

Late in the evening, when the parlor at North Shingles began to get dark, and when the captain rang the bell for candles as usual, he was surprised by hearing Magdalen's voice in the passage, telling the servant to take the lights down stairs again. She knocked at the door immediately afterward, and glided into the obscurity of the room like a ghost.

"I have a question to ask you about your plans for to-morrow," she said. "My eyes are very weak this evening, and I hope you will not object to dispense with the candles for a few minutes."

She spoke in low stifled tones, and felt her way noiselessly to a chair far removed from the captain, in the darkest part of the room. Sitting near the window, he could just discern the dim outline of her dress, he could just hear the faint accents of her voice. For the last two days he had seen nothing of her, except during their morning walk. On that afternoon he had found his wife crying in the little back room down stairs. She could only tell him that Magdalen had frightened her—that Magdalen was going the way again which she had gone when the letter came from China, in the terrible past time at Vauxhall Walk.

"I was sorry to hear that you were ill to-day, from Mrs. Wragge," said the captain, unconsciously, dropping his voice almost to a whisper as he spoke.

"It doesn't matter," she answered, quietly, out of the darkness. "I am strong enough to suffer and live. Other girls in my place would have been happier—they would have suffered and died. It doesn't matter; it will be all the same a hundred years hence. Is he coming again to-morrow morning at seven o'clock?"

"He is coming, if you feel no objection to it?"

"I have no objection to make; I have done with objecting. But I should like to have the time altered. I don't look my best in the early morning—I have bad nights, and I rise haggard and worn. Write him a note this evening and tell him to come at twelve o'clock."

"Twelve is rather late, under the circumstances, for you to be seen out walking."

"I have no intention of walking. Let him be shown into the parlor—"

Her voice died away in silence before she ended the sentence.

"Yes?" said Captain Wragge.

"And leave me alone in the parlor to receive him."

"Ay! ay!" said the captain. "I understand. I'll be out of the way, in the dining-room, while he is here; and you can come and tell me about it when he has gone."

There was another moment of silence.

"Is there no way but telling you?" she asked, suddenly. "I can control myself while he is with me, but I can't answer for what I may say or do afterward. Is there no other way?"

"Plenty of ways," said the captain. "Here is the first that occurs to me. Leave the blind down over the window of your room up stairs before he comes. I will go out on the beach and wait there within sight of the house. When I see him come out again I will look at the window. If he has said nothing, leave the blind down. If he has made you an offer, draw the blind up. The signal is simplicity itself; we can't misunderstand each other. Look your best to-morrow! Make sure of him, my dear girl—make sure of him, if you possibly can."

He had spoken loud enough to feel certain that she had heard him, but no answering word came from her. The dead silence was only disturbed by the rustling of her dress, which told him she had risen from her chair. Her shadowy presence crossed the room again; the door shut softly—she was gone. He rang the bell hurriedly for the lights. The servant found him standing close at the window, looking less self-possessed than usual. He told her he felt a little poorly, and sent her to the cupboard for the brandy.

At a few minutes before twelve the next day Captain Wragge withdrew to his post of observation, concealing himself behind a fishing-boat drawn up on the beach. Punctually as the hour struck he saw Mr. Noel Vanstone approach North Shingles, and open the garden-gate. When the house-door had closed on the visitor Captain Wragge settled himself comfortably against the side of the boat and lit his cigar.

He smoked for half an hour—for ten minutes over the half hour—by his watch. He finished the cigar down to the last morsel of it that he could hold in his lips. Just as he had thrown away the end the door opened again, and Noel Vanstone came out.

The captain looked up instantly at Magdalen's window. In the absorbing excitement of the moment he counted the seconds. She might get from the parlor to her own room in less than a minute. He counted to thirty—and nothing happened. He counted to fifty—and nothing happened. He gave up counting, and left the boat impatiently to return to the house.

As he took his first step forward he saw the signal.

The blind was drawn up!

Cautiously ascending the eminence of the beach, Captain Wragge looked toward Sea-View Cottage before he showed himself on the parade. Mr. Noel Vanstone had reached home again: he was just entering his own door.

"If all your money was offered me to stand in your shoes"—said the captain, looking after him—"rich as you are, I wouldn't take it!"

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC AT YORKTOWN.

On page 572 we illustrate the recent march of the Army of the Potomac through Yorktown from Williamsburg, *en route* for other fields of action. The correspondent of the *Herald* gives the following sketch of the march of this great army:

> Some days before the advanced divisions moved on their splendid march the heavy siege guns—of which, it should be borne in mind, not one has yet been lost—were sent away on vessels. The division of Pennsylvania reserve troops, commanded by M'Call, a portion of our cavalry, and a number of ambulances, were subsequently sent by the same means of transportation. The men were required to march in the lightest possible order. Hence their knapsacks were carried in wagons to the landing and stored on barges, which were towed down the river by the steamers. Officers were instructed to reduce their baggage to such quantity as could be put into a small traveling-bag or valise, and to dispense with extra tents, for the wagons were wanted to convey forage and provisions. The extra tents and baggage were also brought to the landing and placed in the transport vessels. For several days, also, the hospital steamers, with their little crimson flags flying from the masts, were at the upper dock, receiving sick soldiers from the general hospital at the Harrison House and the lesser hospitals throughout the various encampments of the army. All the sick were sent away on steamers. A large number of them were rapidly convalescing, so that they walked from the hospitals to the steamers. It was a touching and sympathetic sight. With forms and faces indicative of disease, some with fans, and most with staffs in their hands, they slowly walked along, like pilgrims to the promised land. The contrabands in camp were sent away in barges. They presented a picturesque spectacle, men, women, and children, in their curious costumes, sitting by the landing or walking down the gangway to the boats. At length, however, all the baggage, all the contrabands, and all our sick soldiers were shipped, and in the mean time the advanced divisions, with the reserve artillery, had commenced the march toward the Chickahominy and down the picturesque peninsula.
>
> For a distance of many miles there was only one road to travel on; but before reaching the Chickahominy Heintzelman's corps took an outside road, over Jones's bridge, to cover the passage of the other troops and trains over a pontoon bridge which had been thrown across near the mouth of the Chickahominy where it empties into the wide waters of the James. The train of the reserve artillery corps accompanied that of the first division, and in the subsequent movement of the several corps the trains of each division, escorted by an advance-guard, preceded the troops of the division, arranged in the proper order of march. Each quarter-master and his assistants was required to keep with his train, to take it at the proper time to its appropriate place in the vast moving column, and to keep it in its proper position on the march, so that his wagons would not check the progress of troops and trains following in his rear. The trains of the batteries attached to divisions accompanied those of the divisions in the order of march. No accident whatever, such as the breaking down of a wagon or the balking of a team, was, on any consideration, allowed to delay the wagons in the rear of the one specially affected; but in the few instances where such accidents occurred an escort was left with the wagon to attend to it, while the trains moved on. Quarter-masters were also required to see that their horses were well watered before starting each day, as no stoppage was permitted to be made for the purpose of watering while on the road. With all the arrangements perfected, and the men in the best of spirits considering the trials and vicissitudes they have experienced, the grand Army of the Potomac, covered with dust and glory, was marching down the peninsula in the direction of Fortress Monroe. The head of the column had crossed the river and proceeded many miles beyond before the last division had left its line of fortifications. If the whole were seen in one continuous column it would make a line of almost incredible extent. The wagon-trains alone were about twenty-six miles long, and, added to these the miles of artillery, the miles of ambulances, and the many miles of troops, the whole grand Army of the Potomac would present a splendid column of eighty miles in length.
>
> General Sumner's corps and Pleasanton's cavalry brought up the rear and covered the retirement of the army. They had moved out on Friday and had taken up an eligible position near Charles City Court House, while on Saturday evening several of Franklin's corps, the last to leave the works, passed through their bivouac, and thus left Sumner's corps to bring up the rear. Near Charles City Court House there is a small stream which crosses the road, and then rugged and ascending ground over which it was difficult for the trains to pass. General M'Clellan, with his staff, having been among the last to leave the banks of the James River, on Saturday, when arriving at this point, he sent a portion of them on to the place of encampment for the night, while he dismounted from his horse, and, attended by half a dozen aids and a dozen orderlies, used his personal influence to wonderful advantage in pushing the wagons past that important point. He stood for hours in the water, hurrying through the trains. It seemed to be a matter of great importance that they should be safely past that place before the Sabbath morning dawned. He felt the importance of it, and it was wonderful to see the effect his personal presence and exertions produced. The teams and the artillery went swiftly past, while his voice was heard urging them along. He remained there till eleven o'clock at night, and did not leave the spot till every wagon had safely passed that dangerous point.

FROM THE WILDS.

So my old friend recollects me, though the tide of time hath cast
Many a long wild wave between us, since we hailed each other last;
Yet I glory in the feeling that your love is not estranged,
That the boy-heart beats through manhood with an ardor all unchanged;
Dwelling in the giant city 'mid its shocks of worldly war,
And its roaring stream of traffic bridged by ancient Temple-bar;
Turning from the siren pleasures, from the sorrow and the strife,
Still your memory loves to wander on the morning hills of life,
Gaining glimpses of the glory that has burned to pass away,
As the dawn's wild hectic beauty melts into sober day.

And your thoughts are often with me, though you can not well divine
How the scorching blasts of trial may have rudely shaken mine;
But my friend is unforgotten. Can he deem affection less
Where it bends a guardian spirit in the savage wilderness?
Where it reigns all undisputed, feeling naught of earth's alloy,
Like a free wild thing of nature, full of light and full of joy?
No! the friendship of our boyhood hath no change nor turning known,
But still burns strong within me, leaping up to meet your own.

Could you see me here at noonday, half a satyr, half a clown,
For my hands are hard with labor, and my cheek is darkly brown;
Not the slender youth you knew me, when on shining English sands
We watched the ships together, and discoursed of foreign lands,
When our aims were undecided, and the golden future seemed
All that young Imagination in her heyday ever dreamed.

You may strive for fame and win it, *I* can only hope to share
Such poor toil and such poor triumph as the nameless exiles bear,
Fell the oak and rear the shanty, die amid the solitude,
Where the sword-bright river flashes from its sheath of sombre wood.
Yet I know not who is better—*you* with dreams of fame to come,
Or myself, whose aspirations in this awful bush are dumb,
For the dial-shadow pointeth to the grave when all is past,
And our toils, though high or humble, only seek for rest at last.

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